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THE

SONGS OF SCOTLAND,

ANCIENT AND MODERN;

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

Historical and Critical,

AND

CHARACTERS OF THE LYRIC POETS.

"He sung
Old songs, the product of his native hills;
A skilful distribution of those sounds,
Down from lofty grove to grove, and down
By melody and by the charm of verse.
WORDSWORTH.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM,

AUTHOR OF SIR MARMADUKE MAXWELL, TRADITIONAL TALES, ETC.

43501

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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ERRATA.

Page 125, line 1, *for* Juventis, *read* Juventus.

Page 168, verse 2d, *for* And a' weel doins, *read* And a' weel doin.

Page 312, verse 1st, *for* And gie't it to honest day, *read* And gie't to honest day.

Page 301, verse 2d, *for* For his old and my age, *read* For his eld and my age.

SCOTTISH SONGS.

MONTGOMERY'S MISTRESS.

O NATURE lavished on my love
  Each charm and winning grace—
It is a glad thing to sad eyes
  To look upon her face:
She's sweeter than the sunny air
  In which the lily springs;
While she looks through her clustering hair
  That o'er her temples hings;
I'd stand and look on my true love
  Like one grown to the ground;—
There's none like her in loveliness,
  Search all the world around.

Her looks are like the May-day dawn
  When light comes on the streams;
Her eyes are like the star of love,
  With bright and amorous beams.
She walks—the blushing brook-rose seems

Unworthy of her foot;
She sings—the lark that hearkens her
Will evermore be mute,
For from her eyes there streams such light,
And from her lips such sound;
There's none like her in loveliness,
Search all the world around.

Her vestal breast of ivorie,
Aneath the snowy lawn,
Shows with its twin-born swelling wreaths,
Too pure to look upon;
While through her skin her sapphire veins
Seem violets dropt in milk,
And tremble with her honey breath
Like threads of finest silk;
Her arms are long, her shoulders broad,
Her middle small and round—
The mold was lost that made my love,
And never more was found.

I have altered the measure of this truly admirable song by Montgomery in praise of his mistress, and I am afraid I have retained neither all his elegance nor all his melody. The former it was no easy matter to reach. One of the verses will remind the reader of that passage in Donne, so often praised and quoted:

Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her veins, and so distinctly wrought,
You would have almost said her body thought.

The elder poet is more natural:

> Out through her snowy skin,
> Most clearly kythes within,
> Her sapphire veins like threads of silk,
> Or violets in whitest milk.

It was hopeless to expect this song, beautiful as it was, to become popular in its original shape; something required to be done, and I wish my performance accorded more with the sense and spirit of the author. That the concluding lines may not be taken for the property of a far more illustrious poet, I add them in the words of Montgomery:

> Her arms are long, her shoulders braid,
> Her middle gent and small;
> The mold was lost wherein was made
> This *a per se* of all.

Few of our poets now would be honest or hardy enough to praise a lady for the breadth of her shoulders; but the forms which are most esteemed in verse are a little too etherial for the wear and tear of the world.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

Over the mountains,
And over the waves,
Over the fountains,
And under the graves:
Over the floods that are deepest,
Which do Neptune obey;
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glowworm to lie;
Where there is no space
For the receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dare not venture,
Lest herself fast she lay;
If love come, he will enter,
And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
A child in his force;
Or you may deem him
A coward, which is worse:
But if she, whom love doth honour,
Be conceal'd from the day,

Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
Which is too unkind;
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind;
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that ye may,
Blind love, if so ye call him,
He will find out the way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
The phœnix of the east;
The lioness, ye may move her
To give o'er her prey:
But you'll never stop a lover,
He will find out his way.

This admirable old song is common both to Scotland and England; and as it is written in the language of the latter, I shall not dispute her claim to it, since I have no better or older authority than Allan Ramsay's Collection for classing it among the lyrics of the north. Ritson, with unexpected and superfluous liberality, says, that Percy, who printed it in his Reliques, gave it, he believed, a few of his own brilliant touches. These

touches, brilliant or dull, are all confined to the first four lines of the third verse; and as I have retained Allan's version, so shall I give Percy's:

You may esteem him
A child for his might,
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight.

But the complaint with which Ritson concludes his note is still more curious: "All the copies, old and new, which the Editor consulted were too incorrect to be made use of, though no less than eight additional verses are to be found in the black letter copies." I have only to repeat, that this song, differing from Percy's only in a word or two, and those of no moment, is copied from Ramsay's Tea-table Miscellany. In the Aberdeen Cantus it is the forty-fifth song, and the second edition of that rare work was printed in 1666; but Ramsay's version is the best and the only popular one.

ROB'S JOCK.

Rob's Jock came to woo our Jenny,
On ae feast-day when we were fou;
She brankit fast and made her bonny,
And said, Jock, come ye here to woo?
She burnist her baith breast and brou,
And made her cleer as ony clock:
Then spake her dame, and said, I trou
Ye come to woo our Jenny, Jock.

Jock said, forsuith, I yern fu' fain
To luk my head, and sit down by you:
Then spak her minny, and said again,
My bairn has tocher enough to gi'e you.
Tehie! quo' Jenny, keek, keek, I see you:
Minny, yon man makes but a mock.
Deil hae the liers—fu leese me o' you,
I come to woo your Jenny, quo' Jock.—

My bairn has tocher of her awin:
A guse, a gryce, a cock and hen,
A stirk, a staig, an acre sawin,
A bakbread and a bannock-stane;
A pig, a pot, and a kirn there-ben,
A kame but and a kaming-stock;

With coags and luggies nine or ten:
Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock?

A wecht, a peet-creel, and a cradle,
A pair of clips, a graip, a flail,
An ark, an ambry, and a ladle,
A milsie, and a sowen-pail,
A rousty whittle to shear the kail,
A timber mell the bear to knock,
Twa shelfs made of an auld fir deal:
Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock?

A furm, a furlet, and a peck,
A rock, a reel, and a wheel-band,
A tub, a barrow, and a seck,
A spurtil-braid, and an elwand.
Then Jock took Jenny by the hand,
And cry'd a feast! and slew a cock,
And made a bridal upo' land,
Now I have got your Jenny, quo' Jock.

Now dame, I have your daughter married,
And tho' ye mak it ne'er sae tough,
I let you wit she's nae miscarried,
It's well kend I have gear enough:
Ane auld gaw'd gleyd fell o'er a heugh,
A spade, a speet, a spur, a sock;
Withouten owsen I have a pleugh:
May that no ser your Jenny? quo' Jock.

A treen truncher, a ram-horn spoon,
Twa buits of barkit blasint leather,
A graith that gangs to cobble shoon,
And a thrawcruik to twyne a tether,
Twa crocks that moup amang the heather,
A pair of branks, and a fetter-lock,
A teugh purse made of a swine's blather,
To haud your tocher, Jenny, quo' Jock.

Good elding for our winter-fire,
A cod of caff wad fill a cradle,
A rake of iron to claut the bire,
A deuk about the dubs to paidle,
The pannel of an auld led-saddle,
And Rob my eyme hecht me a stock,
Twa lusty lips to lick a ladle.
May thir no win your Jenny? quo' Jock.

A pair of hames and brecham fine,
And without bitts a bridle-renzie,
A sark made of the linkome twine,
A gay green cloak that will not stenzie;
Mair yet in store, I needna fenzie,
Five hundred flaes, a fendy flock;
And are not thae a wakrife menzie,
To gae to bed with Jenny and Jock?

Tak thir for my part of the feast,
It is well knawin I am well bodin:

Ye need not say my part is least,
Wer they as meikle as they'r lodin.
The wife speer'd gin the kail were sodin,
When we have done, tak hame the brok;
The roast was teugh as raploch hodin,
With which they feasted Jenny and Jock.

I have copied this blithe and excellent old song from Allan Ramsay's collection, as it is more accessible to the common reader freed from the obscurity of our ancient orthography. On comparing it with the copy preserved in the Bannatyne collection, I observe, though many changes have taken place, that the original liveliness is not at all abated; yet those who wish to see it in the dress which it wore among our ancestors in the year 1550, will find it flourishing in the obscure majesty of old spelling under the name of the "Wowing of Jok and Jynny" in Sibbald's volumes. I class it among those graphic delineations of old manners which please us so much in the "Christ's Kirk," in "Muirland Willie," in "Fye! let us a' to the Bridal," and in the "Wife of Auchtermuchty." It exhibits a curious and a ludicrous picture of our commons; and the motley moveables which compose the portion of the bride and the wealth of the bridegroom may have been intended as a satire on our old Scottish marriage-covenants. Such indeed is the supposition of Sibbald; yet on examining those curious items, we see they are all useful, each after its sort, and correspond with our notion of those days

when riches lay in kind, and sheep and oxen, and webs and fleeces followed or preceded the opulent bride to her elected home. "Ane sark made of the linkome twine" seems a strange piece of raiment, if we are right in imagining that the cloth of Lincoln was always green; and to suppose, with Chalmers, that it is cloth of lint and woollen, is to bestow a very uneasy garment on honest Jock—who seems indeed a very hearty fellow, and one who would not be curious in his dress. The author is unknown.

SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST.

There came a ghost to Margaret's door,
With many a grievous groan;
And aye he tirled at the pin,
But answer made she none.
Is this my father Philip?
Or is't my brother John?
Or is't my true love Willie
To Scotland new come home?

'Tis not thy father Philip,
Nor yet thy brother John;
But 'tis thy true love Willie,
To Scotland new come home.

O, sweet Margret! O, dear Margret!
I pray thee speak to me:
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou'se never get,
Of me no love shalt win,
Until ye come within my bower
And kiss my cheek and chin.
O if I come within your bower,
I come no earthly man;
And if I kiss thy rosie lips
Thy days will not be lang.

O, sweet Margret! O, dear Margret!
I pray thee speak to me:
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
As I gave it to thee.
Thy faith and troth thou'se never get,
Nor favour from me win,
Till thou take me to yon kirkyard
And wed me with a ring.

My bones are buried in a kirkyard,
Far, far beyond the sea;
And it's but my spirit, Margret,
That's speaking now to thee.
She stretched out her lily hand
All for to do her best—

Hae, there's your faith and troth, Willie,
God send your soul good rest.

Now she has kilted her robes of green
A span below her knee;
And a' the live-long winter night
The spirit followed she.
Is there any room at your head, Willie?
Or any room at your feet?
Or any room at your side, Willie,
Wherein that I may creep?

There's nae room at my head, Margret;
There's nae room at my feet;
There's nae room at my side, Margret,
My coffin is made so meet.
Then up and crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the grey—
'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Margret,
That I were gane away.

No more the ghost to Margret said;
But with a grievous groan
Evanished in a cloud of mist,
And left her all alone.
O Willie, stay—my true love, stay—
Fair Margret stopt, and cried.
Wan grew her cheeks, she closed her een,
And stretched her out and died.

This affecting song was recovered by Allan Ramsay, and has been retouched in several places. It is, however, only the more tragic portion of a legendary ballad of considerable beauty. Willie resolves to visit his mistress.

Gie corn unto my horse, mother,
And meat unto my man;
For I maun be at Margret's bower
Before the night comes on.
O stay at hame, my son Willie,
The wind blows sharp and dour;
The night will be baith mirk and late
Before ye reach her bower.

O, though the night were ne'er sae mirk,
Or the wind blew ne'er sae cauld—
O I shall be in Margret's bower
Before twa hours are tauld.
O gin ye gang to May Margret
Without the leave of me,
O in the midst of Clyde water
My malison ye'll dree.

Willie crossed the Clyde, and gained his mistress's bower; but Margret was more capricious than most maidens of romance, and refused him admittance. Her mother, a careful and a vigilant dame, had three chambers, but they were all alike unfit for a lover's reception:

For one of them is fu' o' corn,
The other is fu' o' hay;
The third is fu' o' merry young men
Who winna be gone till day.

He turned his bridle homewards; but the Clyde was in flood: his mother's curse came upon him in the stream; and his next appearance is in the form of a Spirit, at the door of his mistress, requesting release from his vows. This singular superstition is beautifully illustrated in the preface to the Pirate—the author is describing the career of Gow, a noted maritime freebooter, who was executed in 1725.

"It is said that the lady, whose affections he had engaged, went up to London to see him before his death, and that, arriving too late, she had the courage to request a sight of his dead body; and then touching the hand of the corpse, she formally resumed the troth-plight she had bestowed. Without going through this ceremony, she could not, according to the superstition of the country, have escaped a visit from the ghost of her departed lover, in the event of bestowing upon any living suitor the faith which she had plighted to the dead. This part of the legend may serve as a curious commentary on the beautiful tale of the fine Scottish ballad, which begins

There came a ghost to Margret's door."

That a Spirit could not rest till released from vows made in the body is a common belief; and it was in obedi-

ence to this rustic creed that the Spirit of Sweet Willie was so importunate with May Margret. We owe the first part of the ballad to the industry of Jamieson.

FAIR ANNIE OF KIRKLAND.

O will ye go to the wood, Willie,
Or dance in bower and ha';
Or go down to yon lonesome glen
For ane o' us maun fa'?
I'll no go to the wood, Johnie,
Nor dance in bower or ha';
But I'll go to yon lonesome glen,
For ane o' us maun fa'.

And they fought up, and they fought down,
Till blood dropt thick as dew—
It was a stroke i' the twilight gray
That fair young Johnie slew.
O take me softly up, Willie,
Unto yon fountain fair,
And wash, and wash my bleeding wounds
That they may bleed nae mair.

O, red, red, soon the water ran
That late ran silver fair;
He washed, and washed, and wept and washed,
But they bled mair and mair.

Through three folds of his hollin sark,
Sewed by sweet Annie's han';
Through three folds of his mantle green
Young Johnie's life's-blood ran.

There is a nook in Kirkland wood
Where birks are budding fair;
Aye when the moon was 'mang the boughs,
I walked wi' Annie there.
There lay my arrows at my head,
My brown sword at my feet;
And o'er my head the birds shall sing,
Nor wake me frae my sleep.

He laid a green sod on his brow,
And on his breast aboon—
Soon o'er the top of Annie's bower
He saw the wakening moon.
And she looked out on the white moon
And had a song begun—
O, welcome, welcome, Willie, she said;
And where's my true love, John?

There's red blood on your sword, Willie,
Where red blood shouldna be.
O it's the blood of my grey hounds;
They wadnae hunt for me.
It's nae the blood of thy hounds, Willie;
Their blood was ne'er sae red.

O it's the blood of thy true love,
That my sharp weapon shed.

The tears came, and her bosom burst
It's golden laces nine.
When ilka ane looks for her love,
Lang may I look for mine.
Aye, ye may tear these shining locks,
And wipe these streaming een;
'Twas a' for the love of thy sweet face
That my sword smote so keen.

An ill death shall ye die, Willie;
A dread death shall ye die.
O put me in a bottomless boat
Upon the summer sea.
And when will ye come hame, Willie?
And when will ye come hame?
Nae mair yon moon, in heaven aboon,
Shall shine when I come hame.

A more expanded copy of this ballad may be found in Jamieson's collection, under the name of the "Twa Brothers;" it is in a rude and corrupted state, though some of the breaches which time made in the story have been ingeniously filled up by the editor. I have ventured to print it nearly in the state in which I once had the pleasure of hearing it sung; and the liberties I have taken may be justified by the mutilated state of the

ballad, and the change to which all things oral have been subjected. It has many lines in common with various romantic ballads; more than their accustomed quantity of repetitions; and the same dramatic character which distinguishes all the productions of our ancestors. To be buried, with their swords at their head and their arrows at their feet, is a wish often expressed by the olden heroes of song, Scots and English; and the fatal combat and its tragic close will remind many readers of the pathetic ballad of Graeme and Bewick. I cannot gratify my readers with any certain information concerning the scene of the story. In Jamieson it has something of a northern look and sound. The house of Inchmurry, formerly called Kirkland, was built of old by the abbot of Holyrood; but it would be rash to conclude that it was the residence of Fair Annie. The ballad is known by the name of "The Woods of Warslin," a corruption of woods a warslin, from the strife which ended in the death of one of the brothers.

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep:
If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,
Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father bred me great annoy.
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.

Balow, my darling, sleep awhile,
And when thou wak'st, then sweetly smile;
But smile not as thy father did,
To cozen maids, nay, God forbid;
For in thine eye his look I see,
The tempting look that ruin'd me.

When he began to court my love,
And with his sugar'd words to move,
His tempting face, and flatt'ring cheer,
In time to me did not appear;
But now I see that cruel he
Cares neither for his babe nor me.

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest youth,
That ever kiss'd a woman's mouth,
Let never any after me
Submit unto thy courtesy:
For, if they do, O! cruel thou
Wilt her abuse, and care not how.

I was too credulous at the first,
To yield thee all a maiden durst,
Thou swore for ever true to prove,
Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love;
But quick as thought the change is wrought,
Thy love's no more, thy promise nought.

I wish I were a maid again,
From young men's flattery I'd refrain,
For now unto my grief I find,
They all are perjur'd and unkind:
Bewitching charms bred all my harms,
Witness my babe lies in my arms.

I take my fate from bad to worse,
That I must needs be now a nurse,
And lull my young son on my lap,
From me, sweet orphan, take the pap.
Balow, my child, thy mother mild
Shall wail as from all bliss exil'd.

Balow, my boy, weep not for me,
Whose greatest grief's for wronging thee,

Nor pity her deserved smart,
Who can blame none but her fond heart;
For too soon trusting latest finds,
With fairest tongues are falsest minds.

Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,
When he the thriftless son has play'd:
Of vows and oaths forgetful, he
Preferr'd the wars to thee and me.
But now, perhaps, thy curse and mine
Make him eat acorns with the swine.

But curse not him; perhaps now he,
Stung with remorse, is blessing thee:
Perhaps at death; for who can tell
Whether the judge of heaven or hell,
By some proud foe has struck the blow,
And laid the dear deceiver low?

I wish I were into the bounds
Where he lies smothering in his wounds,
Repeating, as he pants for air,
My name, whom once he call'd his fair.
No woman's yet so fiercely set,
But she'll forgive, though not forget.

If linen lacks, for my love's sake,
Then quickly to him would I make
My smock once for his body meet,
And wrap him in that winding-sheet.

Ah me! how happy had I been,
If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee;
Too soon, alake, thou'lt weep for me:
Thy griefs are growing to a sum,
God grant thee patience when they come;
Born to sustain thy mother's shame,
A hapless fate, a bastard's name.
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.

There is a pathos in this ancient song so sincere and moving, that the freedom of the lady's allusions to her virgin state, and the warmth of some of her expressions, are felt only as the natural language of sorrow and despair. Some one informed Percy that it was written by a lady of the name of Bothwell, or rather Boswell, whose husband, or lover, deserted her and her child: I wish those who knew so much had known more, and enabled the editor of the Reliques of English Poetry to speak with the hope of being believed. The song has always been known by the name of Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament; and no one who reads it can suppose it to be the complaint of a wife. It is very old, and was in existence as early as the reign of Queen Mary: I have often thought that the song of "Bothwell bank thou bloomest fair," which a traveller, before the year 1605, heard a Scottish lady sing in Palestine, was a variation, or a

portion of this pathetic lament. Tradition lays the scene of Lady Anne's sorrows among the magnificent ruins of Bothwell-castle, on the banks of the Clyde, near Glasgow. Our Scottish song has a deeper pathos than the fragment which Percy found in his folio; but there can be no doubt that it has been modernized, and that too by a skilful and a tender hand.

Be to thy lover tried and true,
And never change her for a new;
If good or fair of her have care—
A woman's curse falls wonderous sair.

The single-heartedness of the heroine, and her sense of the weight of a woman's curse, are well expressed in these four ancient lines.

Several ineffectual attempts have been made to replace the song of Bothwell Bank; but it is no easy matter to write up to public expectation, or restore a lost song which was believed to be exceedingly beautiful. No one has succeeded altogether in making the new pass for the old.

THE BLYTHSOME BRIDAL.

Fy let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be lilting there;
For Jock's to be married to Maggy,
The lass wi' the gowden hair.
And there will be lang-kail and porridge,
And bannocks of barley-meal;
And there will be good saut herring,
To relish a cog of good ale.

And there will be Sawney the sutor,
And Will wi' the meikle mou';
And there will be Tam the blutter,
With Andrew the tinkler, I trow;
And there will be bow'd-legged Robie,
With thumbless Katy's goodman;
And there will be blue-cheeked Dobie,
And Laurie the laird of the land.

And there will be sow-libber Patie,
And plooky-fac'd Wat i' the mill,
Capper-nos'd Francie and Gibbie,
That wins in the how of the hill;
And there will be Alaster Sibbie,
Wha in with black Bessie did mool,
With snivelling Lilly, and Tibby,
The lass that stands aft on the stool

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie,
And coft him grey breeks to his a—,
Who after was hangit for stealing,
Great mercy it happen'd na warse:
And there will be gleed Geordy Janners,
And Kirsh with the lily-white leg,
Wha gade to the south for manners,
And danced the daft dance in Mons-meg.

And there will be Judan Maclaurie,
And blinkin daft Barbara Macleg,
Wi' flae-lugged sharney-fac'd Laurie,
And shangy-mou'd haluket Meg.
And there will be happer-a—'d Nancy,
And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name,
Muck Madie, and fat hippit Grisy,
The lass wi' the gowden wame.

And there will be Girn-again-Gibbie,
With his glaikit wife Jenny Bell,
And misle-shinn'd Mungo Macapie,
The lad that was skipper himsel.
There lads and lasses in pearlings
Will feast in the heart of the ha',
On sybows, and rifarts, and carlings,
That are baith sodden and raw.

And there will be fadges and brochan,
With fouth of good gabbocks of skate,
Powsowdy, and drammock, and crowdy,
And caller nowt-feet in a plate.

And there will be partans and buckies,
And whitens and speldings enew,
With singed sheep heads, and a haggies,
And scadlips to sup till ye spew.

And there will be lapper'd milk kebbocks,
And sowens, and farls, and baps,
With swats, and well scraped paunches,
And brandy in stoups and in caps:
And there will be meal-kail and castocks,
With skink to sup till ye rive,
And roasts to roast on a brander,
Of flukes that were taken alive.

Scrapt haddocks, wilks, dulse and tangle,
And a mill of good snishing to prie;
When weary with eating and drinking,
We'll rise up and dance till we die.
Then fy let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be lilting there;
For Jock's to be married to Maggie,
The lass wi' the gowden hair.

I find this very ancient and very humorous song placed side by side, in James Watson's collection of 1706, with Christ's Kirk on the Green; and it is a large partaker in the free lively spirit of that admirable poem. It has great ease of expression and great graphic force of delineation. The witty catalogue of guests which it assembles for the wedding, with their epithets,

personal or historical, is very characteristic. Those conversant with our provincial manners will know how common such whimsical nicknames are. It is to be regretted, that the decorum is inferior to the humour; and that in the indulgence of free and unrestrained mirth the author forgot to anticipate the pain which he would give to a refined posterity. But such is the character of the song that amendment is certainly unsafe, and nearly hopeless. In the attempt to purify, the grain would escape with the chaff. When it must be amended, it must be forgotten, if to forget it be in our power. To many persons—those fond of ancient language, and those curious in old manners, it must ever be welcome in its primitive state—and in such a state have I ventured to retain it. It gives us, in common with many old strains, a lively image of a merry people. Much of it is, and must ever remain, inaccessible to an English reader—the peculiar humour cannot be revealed by notes; and almost every line would require a commentary. In abating the expressed grossness of one line which related the history of Kirsh, I have rendered an explanation necessary. Tradition, which is fond of familiar illustration, measures the calibre of Mons-Meg by the story of an intrigue which a young woman, who had gone south for the improvement of her manners, had with a soldier of the guard in the very throat of this extraordinary instrument of war. The song is said to be the production of Francis Semple of Beltrees.

GO TO THE EWE-BUGHTS, MARION.

Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion,
And wear in the sheep wi' me:
The sun shines sweet, my Marion;
But nae half sae sweet as thee.
O, Marion's a bonnie lass,
And the blythe blinks in her ee;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
And silk on your white hause-bane;
Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion,
At e'en when I come hame.
There's braw lads in Earnshaw, Marion,
Wha gape, and glowr with their e'e,
At kirk, when they see my Marion;
But nane of them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion;
A cow and a brawny quey,
I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,
Just on her bridal day;
And ye's get a green sey apron,
And waistcoat of the London brown.

And vow but ye will be vap'ring,
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion;
Nane dances like me on the green:
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean:
Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kirtle of the cramasie;
And soon as my chin has nae hair on;
I shall come west, and see ye.

This is a relique of the ancient rural Muse of Caledonia; and it would be well if we had many such specimens of her simplicity and spirit. Homely truth and honest affection have rendered it a great favourite; and though many more aspiring songs of a similar kind have appeared since it was found and published by Ramsay, none have yet surpassed it in original beauty. Allan introduced it to notice as an old song with additions: and Bishop Percy reprinted it with a more antique orthography, but with no other material difference. It seems to have been found by the Englishman in some old manuscript or printed work; for tradition never recites her verses in the style in which he has published it: if he borrowed it from Ramsay, he has taken a curious liberty with the spelling. The only change which time has made in the song is in substituting a silver ornament for one of silk, on the neck of the maiden; but though

the women of Scotland wore lockets of silver in former times round their necks, and were like the wife of the borderer, "Of silver brooch and bracelet proud," I have chosen to abide by the version of Ramsay. The north and south of Scotland have contested the honour of the air: they might as well dispute the ownership of the last breath of wind which passed over their hills. Burns inclines to give it to the ballad of "Lord Gordon, he has three daughters;" but this has a modern sound, and a look of yesterday, compared with "The Ewe-bughts Marion"—Who can tell to what district it belongs, or who cares?

The hero of this song seems to have been a good judge of woman. He tells Marion of his sincere affection, of his pastoral wealth, of her sweetness and loveliness, of the number of her admirers, of the splendid dresses he will buy her on her marriage; and having armed her vanity in his favour, he alludes to his own personal accomplishments, and hints that, should she prove cruel, he can console himself with another—he will draw up wi' Jean.

GLENKINDIE.

Glenkindie was a harper good,
He harped to the king—
O there was magic in his touch,
And sorcery in his string:
He'd harp a fish out o' the water,
And water out o' a stane,
And milk out of a maiden's breast,
That bairn had never nane.

He's taen his good harp in his hand,
He harpet and he sang;
I'll give ye a robe, said our good king,
A rich robe and a lang,
To harp the winter night to me
And to my nobles nine;—
The harp is sweet at dinner hour,
And sweet is song and wine.

He's taen his charm'd harp in his hand,
And harped them all asleep,
All but the king's fair daughter
Whom love did waken keep:
And first he harped a grave tune,
And syne he harped a gay,
And many a look and kind sigh
I wot that lady gae.

O gentle knight! O gentle knight!
Ye've charm'd my heart o'er soon:
O come this night to my bower door
Ere sets yon sinking moon.
The moon was sinking in the west,
The gray cock clapt his wing,
When a fause page went to her door,
And pulled the silken string.

I trow ye're an ungentle knight,
Ye woo sae wondrous rude;
O though ye are a harper high,
Ye're but of a churl's blude.
And aye he took her in his arms,
And never a word he spoke,
And aye he stayed her words wi' a kiss,
And mony a ane he took.

And why, Glenkindie, my true love,
Would ye away so soon?—
O stay an hour in thy love's bower,
We'll measure it by the moon.
The moon was shining in the sky,
And gleaming on the floor,
When young Glenkindie, her true love,
Came to her chamber door.

She kenn'd him by his forehead fair,
And locks of golden light—

She kenn'd him by his strong right arm,
In which his sword shone bright.
I've harped until the night stars shone,
An hour before their time;
I've charm'd the darkness into light
With harpstring and with rhyme.

All on his sleeve of sea-green silk,
He streaked his sword so free—
He maun have wings, and ten men's might,
This night who wins frae me;
There was a step, there was a thrust,
Nor word was there nor din—
At the third thrust, on a dead man's face,
The moon was looking in.

I have extracted this song out of the wild and tragic story of the Glenkindie of Jamieson, and the Glasgerion of Percy. The magic power imputed to the instrument of the harper seems little more than what is ascribed to the harp of David when he played before Saul; nor has it equal power with the inspired verse of Odin:—

"I am possessed of songs such as neither the spouse of a king nor the son of a man can repeat—one of them is called the Helper: it will help thee at thy need, in sickness, grief, and all adversities. I know a song which the sons of men ought to sing if they would become skilful physicians. I know a song by which I soften

and enchant the arms of my enemies and render their weapons of none effect. I know a song which I need only sing when men have loaded me with bonds; for the moment I sing it my chains fall in pieces, and I walk forth at liberty. I know a song useful to all mankind; for as soon as hatred inflames the sons of men, the moment I sing it they are appeased. I know a song of such virtue that, were I caught in a storm, I can hush the winds and render the air perfectly calm."

Glenkindie is the Glasgerion of Wales; but the king's daughter was probably influenced more by his music and his verse than by the charms of his person, for the Welsh knew him by the name of the Sallow—which, indeed, his name expresses. He is classed by Chaucer with Orpheus, Arion, and Chiron; but I am too ignorant of Welsh tradition to know whether his minstrelsy has the same imputed power in Briton story as it has in northern song. It was in this ballad that Otway found the story of his "Orphan," a drama that no one may hope to read without attesting with tears its resistless pathos. It has one of those plots in which virtue is cheated out of its purity; it is dangerous and unnatural to make honour fall by trick and stratagem—I never can read the "Orphan" without admiring the powers of the last of our great dramatists, and wishing he had never wrote it.

FAIR HELEN OF KIRCONNEL.

I wish I were where Helen lies—
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies
On fair Kirconnel lea.
O Helen fair beyond compare,
I'll make a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for evermair
Until the day I die.

O think nae ye my heart was sair
When my love dropt and spoke nae mair,
She sank and swoon'd wi' meikle care
On fair Kirconnel lea.
Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me.

As I went down the water wide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
With sword in hand and side by side,
On fair Kirconnel lea;
The small bird ceased its song with awe
When our bright swords it heard and saw,
And I hew'd him in pieces sma'
For her that died for me.

O that I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries,
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
"O come my love to me."
O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee I were blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirconnel lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn o'er my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying
On fair Kirconnel lea.
I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;
I'm sick of all beneath the skies
Since my love died for me.

So various are the copies of this pathetic song, and of so little merit are many of the verses, that it is difficult to make a judicious selection, lest the lines that are natural and touching should suffer by the separation. The thorn cannot always be removed from the rose without diminishing its beauty and its perfume. Burns retouched one copy for the Museum; he seemed little satisfied with his success, nor am I sure that he ought to have been, though it was seldom that his skill and felicity in this kind of emendation deserted him.

The traditional story of Fair Helen and her lover is as widely known as the song, and is told, perhaps, as

often as the other is sung. Helen Irving, the daughter of the laird of Kirconnel, in Dumfriesshire, was admired for her beauty, and beloved by two neighbouring gentlemen—Adam Fleming of Kirkpatrick, and the laird of Blacket-house. Fleming was favoured by the lady; the other made less impression on her heart, than his possessions, which were said to have been large, made on the minds of her parents. The lovers, therefore, were obliged to meet in secret, and their place of tryste was among the woods which covered the banks of the stream of Kirtle down to the water edge. During one of these interviews, in the twilight of a summer's eve, Helen observed her jealous and despised lover taking a mortal aim with a carabine, or cross-bow, over the water at the bosom of his rival. She uttered a shriek, threw herself before him, and received the fatal shot or shaft in her back, and died instantly in her lover's arms. The place is still shown where Fleming rushed through the stream; and conjecture has removed the spot, where the obstinate and dubious single combat took place, to a little knoll a bowshot up the Kirtle: the peasantry often sit nigh the place and show to their children where the murderer was hewn to pieces.

There are other traditions, which lay the scene of his death in foreign lands, and Fleming is made to follow him through Spain and slay him in Syria. The combat is always represented to be long and fierce, and the story of his being hewn to pieces is never varied. The Irvings, a numerous and respectable name, invariably call the heroine Helen Irving; but the Bells, a still more nu-

merous and equally respectable name, call her Helen Bell: about the name of the murderer there seems to be no contention, and I am willing it should remain unknown. The grave of the lovers is shown in the churchyard of Kirconnel near Springkell. You may still discern "Hic jacet Adamus Fleming." A cross and sword have been cut on their tombstone; but so unskilfully sculptured as to countenance the belief of the peasantry that while the sword represents the weapon by which Helen's death was avenged, the cross is the gun by which she was shot. A heap of stones is raised on the spot where the murder was committed, a token of abhorrence common to many nations.

Of the many "Fair Helens" with which our song books and oral memory abound, I shall not offer any account, nor seek to ascertain what is old nor what is new. Amid some pathos there is much affectation, and amid much simplicity more rudeness. Perhaps there was never so much written on any subject so pathetic with less honour to the Muse. The story seems almost too deeply tragic for song, and too well known and too strongly felt to endure embellishment.

LOVE ANE LEVELLER.

Love praises by comparison
  Both gentle, simple, general,
And of free will gives wareson,
  As fortune chances to befal;
For love makes noble ladies thrall
  To baser men of birth and blude;
So love gaurs sober women small
  Get maistrice o'er great men of gude.

Firm love for favour, fear, or feid,
  Of rich nor poor to speak should spare,
For love to greatness has no heed,
  Nor lightless lowliness ane air,
But puts all persons in compare
  This proverb plainly for to preve,
That men and women, less and mair,
  Are come from Adam and from Eve.

So though my liking were a lady,
  And I no lord, yet ne'ertheless
She should my service find as ready
  As duke to duchess dought him dress;
For as proud princely love express
  Is to have soverainitie;
So service comes of simpleness,
  And lealest love of low degree.

So lovers lair no leid should lack,
A lord to love a simple lass,
A lady also for love to take
Ane proper page her time to pass—
For why? as bright bene burnished brass,
As silver wrought in rich device,
And as gude drinking out of glass
As gold—though gold give greater price.

I copied this very pleasant song from my friend David Laing's beautiful edition of Alexander Scott's poems; and as I thought it more complete without the concluding verse, which deviates somewhat from the sentiment of the other four, I have ventured to omit it. I have likewise modernized the orthography. This was once a very popular song; and I can see no cause to prevent it from regaining its popularity. The idea of the poet is excellent: that love is a leveller and likely to continue so there can be little doubt.

It's as gude drinking out of glass,
As gold—though gold give greater price—

is a thought that will be sung by many when the name of Alexander Scott is neglected or forgotten.

WHILE WITH HER WHITE AND NIMBLE HANDS.

While with her white and nimble hands
My mistress gathering blossoms stands,
  Amid the flowery mead;—
Of lilies white, and violets,
A garland properly she plaits
  To set upon her head:

Thou sun, now shining bright above,
If ever thou the fire of love
  Hast felt, as poets feign:
If it be true, as true it seems,
In courtesy withdraw thy beams
  Lest thou her colour stain.

If thou her fairness will not burn
She'll quit thee with a kinder turn,
  And close her sparkling eyes;—
A brightness far surpassing thine,
Lest thou thereby ashamed should tyne
  Thy credit in the skies.

The extravagance of this song is pleasing and pardonable—for it is the extravagance of a very fine poet,

Alexander Montgomery. Our old bards went great lengths with their admiration; yet the vanity of the ladies must have equalled their wish to flatter if they were pleased, and smiled at such praise-offerings as this.

VAIN LOVERS.

None love, but fools, unloved again,
Who tyne their time and come no speed.
Make this a maxim to remain,
That love bears none but fools at feid;
And they get aye a good gooseheed,
In recompense of all their pain.
So of necessitie men succeed:
None love, but fools, unloved again.

I wot a wise man will beware,
And will not venture but advice;
Great fools, for me, I think they are
Who seek warm water under ice:
Yet some more wilful are than wise,
That for their love's sake would be slain;
Buy no repentance at that price—
None love, but fools, unloved again.

Though some we see in every age,
Like glaiket fools gang giddy gates,
Where reason finds no place for rage,
They love them best who them but hates:
Syne of their follies wyte the fates,
As destiny did them disdain,
Which are but idle vain conceits,—
None love, but fools, unloved again.

Some by a proverb fain would prove,
Who scarcely ever saw the schools,
That love with reason is no love,
Nor constance where occasion cools:
There they confess like frantic fools,
That wilfully they will be vain;
But reason, what are men but mules?—
None love, but fools, unloved again.

Go ding a dog and he will bite,
But fawn on him who gives him food,
And can, as cause requires, acquit,
As ill with ill, and good with good.
Then love none but where thou art lov'd,
And where thou finds them feign'd, refrain:
Take this my counsel, I conclude—
None love, but fools, unloved again.

I imagine Montgomery meant this song as an answer to Scott's song of "Love ane Leveller," and he certainly sings wisely and well on the side of prudence and hap-

piness. They who believe in the omnipotence of love will think the captain's system of love-making an excellent marching system for those of his profession who find loves in every town. It is, however, but an artificial one, and can only be followed by those who can reclaim their affections as a merchant may a bill of acceptance. Still I think there is much truth in what he sings: though love is a natural fire, it will burn out in time; and a long system of scorn or coldness will go far to prove that it is less a fixed destiny than our German philosophers imagine. I am not fond of songs which record only maxims of prudence or care—I love good advice when it comes naturally into the stream of song: but to chant a succession of logical conclusions—a string of salutary proverbs—is unpleasant, and songs of this character can never become popular.

SHE ROSE AND LOOT ME IN.

The night her silent sable wore,
And gloomy were the skies,
Of glittering stars appeared no more
Than those in Nelly's eyes;
When to her father's gate I came,
Where I had often been,
And begged my fair, my lovely dame,
To rise and let me in.

Fast locked within my close embrace,
She trembling stood ashamed—
Her swelling breast, and glowing face,
And every touch inflamed.
With look and accents all divine
She did my warmth reprove,—
The more she spoke, the more she looked,
The warmer waxed my love.

O then beyond expressing,
Transporting was the joy!
I knew no greater blessing,
So blest a man was I:
And she all ravish'd with delight,
Bid me oft come again,
And kindly vowed that every night
She'd rise and let me in.

Full soon soon I returned again
When stars were streaming free,
Oh slowly, slowly came she down,
And stood and gazed on me:
Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
Repenting her rash sin—
And aye she mourn'd the fatal hour
She rose and loot me in.

But who could cruelly deceive,
Or from such beauty part?
I lov'd her so, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart:

We wedded, and I thought me blest
Such loveliness to win;
And now she thanks the happy hour
She rose and loot me in.

Burns says, "the old set of this song, which is still to be found in printed collections, is much prettier than the version in Johnson's Museum; but somebody, I believe it was Ramsay, took it into his head to clear it of some seeming indelicacies, and made it at once more chaste and more dull." Allan Ramsay was guilty of no such folly; he loved the freedom of the olden Muse as much as Burns, and was pleased to think that like the heroine in the ancient song she went sometimes "high kilted." Whoever sought to lessen its indelicacy not only succeeded, but also changed the original character of the song; the lady has no failings to repent of, or sins which marriage is required to repair—she is wooed and won, and wedded in a regular and discreet way—in the way that ladies ought to be. But in Ramsay's copy of the song the heroine yields like other ladies of romance; and wedlock comes in and makes amends for her nocturnal levities. I have retained the original song with some emendations. Ritson claims it as an English song, and one too of great merit, which he accuses us of Scottifying: but this is mere assertion, for the song had a Scottish existence in 1650; and the English version is so indelicate that the admiration of the antiquarian surprises me. The song is by Francis Semple of Beltrees.

THE FAIR PENITENT.

A lovely lass to a friar came
To confess in a morning early:—
In what, my dear, art thou to blame?
Come, own it all sincerely.
I've done, sir, what I dare not name,
With a lad that loves me dearly.

The greatest fault in myself I know,
Is what I now discover.
Then you to Rome for that must go,
Their discipline to suffer.
Lack-a-day, sir! if it must be so,
Pray with me send my lover.

No, no, my dear, you do but dream,
We'll have no double dealing;
But if with me you'll repeat the same,
I'll pardon your past failing.
I must own, sir, tho' I blush for shame,
That your penance is prevailing.

This is one of a multitude of songs of a satirical and humorous kind with which the people for nearly a century assailed the priests of the church of Rome, before the final establishment of Presbyterianism. It must be

owned, too, that few of its companions had half its decorum, if they rivalled it in humour. All songs founded on manners, or claiming an interest with the world only from some curious customs which they have sought to embalm, are sure to pass away as the manners of mankind change and as customs wear out: nothing is lasting but nature: men will always fall in love; they will probably always desire wine — they will, unless the grand millenium comes, always delight in a few years of war—three grand divisions of song. But in Scotland, since confessions ceased, and women, whether fair or homely, have learned to keep while they can their failings to themselves, the merit of the Fair Penitent has been much lessened. It is the last song of its race which has lingered on to the present day; and is one of those which Ramsay had the merit of preserving.

A very remarkable plenary indulgence was lately exhibited in London, obtained from Pope Benedict XIV. by a penitent Irish gentleman, for himself, fifty of his kinsmen, and fifty other persons, to be named by the suppliant. Twenty-one of his friends and kinsmen availed themselves of this most satisfactory forgiveness; among them is one of our fascinating actresses. I know not for what failing her name appears; nor have I heard the charge which the church makes for such a sweeping and liberal indulgence.

MOORLAND WILLIE.

Hearken, and I will tell you how
Young Moorland Willie came to woo,
Though he could neither say nor do;
The truth I tell to you.
But ay, he cried, whate'er betide,
I'll have young Maggie to be my bride.

On his gray yaud as he did ride,
Wi' dirk and pistol by his side,
He prick'd her on wi' mickle pride,
Wi' mickle mirth and glee,
Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon moor,
Till he came to her daddie's door.

Goodman, quo Willie, are ye within?
I'm come your daughter's love to win;
I love na making mickle din,
What answer gie ye me?
Light down now, lad, and venture in,
I'll gie ye my daughter's love to win.

Now, wooer, since ye are lighted down,
Whare do ye won, by hill or town?
I think my daughter winna gloom
On sic a lad as thee.

The wooer he stepped ben the house,
An' wow but he was wondrous crouse.

Three owsen weel graithed in a pleugh,
Twa good gaun yaudes and gear aneugh,
They ca' my haddin Cadenough
  Wi' mair o' moor than lea!
Forbye I have, frae the great laird,
A peat-breast, and a lang kale yard.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
She was the brawest in a' the town,
I wat on him she did nae gloom,
  But blinkit bonnilie.
The lover he stended up in haste,
And gript her hard about the waist.

To win your love, lass, I'm come here,
I'm young and hae enough o' gear,
And for mysel ye need na fear,
  Troth trust me not but try.
He threw down his bonnet, he made nae bow,
But dighted his gab and tasted her mou.

The maiden blushed and binged fou law,
She had sma' will to say him na;
'O to my daddie I leave it a,
  Syne gang to him and gree.
The lover he gae her the tither kiss,
Syne ran to her father and tauld him this.

Your daughter winna say me na,
But to yoursel she leaves it a,
And bids us gree atween us twa,
  Now what 'll ye gie me wi' her.
The auld man laught: I hae nae mickle,
But sic as I have ye'se get a pickle.

A kiln fu' o' corn, an acre o' rye,
Three soums o' sheep, twa gude milk-kye,
The bridal feast, my blessing forbye—
  Troth I dow do nae mair.
Content, quo Willie, a feast—a feast,
Gae fee the piper and fetch the priest.

The bridal day it came to pass,
Wi' mony a blythesome lad and lass,
But siccan a day there never was,
  Mair mirth was never seen.
The winsome couple straked hands,
Mess John tied fast the marriage bands.

Like new plumed birds our bridemaids flew,
Wi' top-knots, lug-knots, a' in blue,
Frae top to toe they were brent new,
  And blinkit bonnilie.
Their toys and mutches glancing clean,
Won love in a' our ladses een.

Sic hirdum dirdum and sic din,
Wi' he o'er her and she o'er him—

The minstrels they did never blin
Wi' mickle mirth and glee.
They becked, they bobbit, and danced like daft,
And lasses skirled and grandames laught.

This song presents us with a very curious and perhaps accurate picture of ancient manners. Moorland Willie seems a borderer, and prepared alike for love or war; and if I might localize the song by the language, I would ascribe it to Annandale. His pistols and dirk seem assumed as much for protection as for garnishing and adorning his person; and he rides with peculiar boldness, and makes love with unceremonious freedom. The young ladies of this more scrupulous age would look with fear on such a martial apparition; and the grip round the waist, and the ready salute, would be repulsed with very becoming disdain. But their grandmothers were probably wooed in the same manner; and if we may trust tale and history, old manners allowed a far freer licence than what would be considered decorous now. Moorland Willie was first published by Allan Ramsay, and with all those who love a free delineation of the ways of our ancestors, it became, and still continues, a favourite. It is commonly sung at country weddings, and I have heard many variations of certain verses, some of which I have retained: the emendation of the concluding verse is one of them, and those who like to see a gross image of enjoyment something abated will think the change an improvement. Long as it is, the song seems imperfect—the old bards seldom stopt their story in the very midst of mirth and joy.

THE COUNTRY LASS.

Although I be but a country lass,
Yet a lofty mind I bear,
And think mysell as good as those
That rich apparel wear.
Although my gown be home-spun grey,
My skin it is as soft
As them that satin weeds do wear,
And carry their heads aloft.

What though I keep my father's sheep,
The thing that must be done,
With garlands of the finest flowers,
To shade me frae the sun;
When they are feeding pleasantly,
Where grass and flowers do spring,
Then on a flowery bank at noon
I sit me down and sing.

My Paisley piggy, cork'd with sage,
Contains my drink but thin;
No wines do e'er my veins enrage,
Or tempt my mind to sin.
My country curds, and wooden spoon,
I think them unco fine;
And on a flowery bank at noon,
I sit me down and dine.

Although my parents cannot raise
Great bags of shining gold,
Like them whose daughters, now-a-days,
Like swine are bought and sold;
Yet my fair body it shall keep
An honest heart within;
And for twice fifty thousand crowns,
I value not a prin.

I use nae gums upon my hair,
Nor chains about my neck,
Nor shining rings upon my hands,
My fingers straight to deck;
But for that lad to me shall fa',
And I have grace to wed,
I'll keep a jewel worth them a',
I mean my maidenhead.

If canny fortune give to me
The man I dearly love,
Though we want gear, I dinna care,
My hands I can improve,
Expecting for a blessing still
Descending from above;
Then we'll embrace, and sweetly kiss,
Repeating tales of love.

We have little of the pastoral of nature which excels the Country Lass; the language is simple and the sentiments just, and it looks still as fresh and green as it did

an hundred and twenty years ago. It had become popular in England before the days of Allan Ramsay, for we find it, though in a corrupted state, in Playford's Pills to Purge Melancholy. A more correct copy was printed in the Tea Table Miscellany, and though the language is more direct in some places than a discreet maiden would now willingly use, it would be unjust to alter what seems not particularly offensive. I have frequently imagined that many of our ridiculous choruses had once a meaning; and that the "fal de rals," and "hey, heys," and "faderelinkums," and other strange repetitions, conveyed, in ancient times, a sense which is now lost. I imagine this because all our old poetry is so peculiarly graphic, that I cannot conceive how lines of mere sound, signifying nothing, would have been allowed to intermingle with verses pregnant with pathos or humour. I have cut off the pendulous "O" from the ends of the second, fourth, sixth, and eighth lines of the verses—it can be replaced by those who choose to sing the song—but it hung like a withered bough amid a green tree, offensive to the eye, and injuring the beauty of the song.

O WALY, WALY.

O waly, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly yon burn-side,
Where I and my love wont to gae.
I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bow'd, and syne it brake,
Sae my true love did lyghtlie me.

O waly, waly but love be bonnie
A little time while it is new;
But when its auld it waxeth cauld
And fades awa' like morning dew.
O wherefore shou'd I busk my head?
Or wherefore shou'd I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur-seat shall be my bed,
The sheets sall ne'er be warmed by me;
Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me.

Marti'mas wind, whan wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle death, whan wilt thou cum?
For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
'Tis nae sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was cled i' th' black velvet,
And I mysel' in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kiss'd,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had lock'd my heart in a case o' gowd,
And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysel' were dead and gone!
For a maid again I'll never be.

Allan Ramsay printed this pathetic song in his collection, and marked it as entirely old: it is far older indeed than Allan's day; and there can be little doubt that the language has been modernized by some skilful and tender hand. Yet I believe not that any greater change took place. The exquisite simplicity and pathos

of the complaint would redeem it from such changes as are prone to creep into songs intrusted to the care of tradition. Burns says: "In the west country I have heard a different edition of the second stanza. Instead of the four lines,

When cockle shells turn silver bells,
And mussels grow on every tree,
When frost and snaw shall warm us a'
Then shall my love prove true to me.

The other way ran thus"—and the poet quotes as traditional the four lines which compose the last portion of the second stanza in Ramsay's copy. The unhappy heroine and her perfidious lover seem to have been of good condition:—his clothing of black velvet, and her dress of cramasie, a crimson cloth of a grain colour, belonged, of old, to opulence and rank. Arthur's Seat and Saint Anton's Well have lately had a wild halo shed around them by the minstrelsy of Madge Wildfire; yet wonderful as such a creation is, evoked from a prison and from common life, the fame of the hill and the well was safe in the keeping of this inspired song.

I'LL GAUR OUR GUDEMAN TROW.

I'll gaur our gudeman trow
I'll sell the ladle,
If he winna buy to me
A bonnie side saddle,
To ride to kirk and bridal,
And round about the town,
Sae stand about, ye fisher jauds,
And gie my gown room!

I'll gaur our gudeman trow
I'll take the fling-strings,
If he winna buy to me
Twal bonnie gowd rings;
Ane for ilka finger,
And twa for ilka thoom;
Sae stand about, ye fisher jauds,
And gie my gown room!

I'll gaur our gudeman trow
I'll take the glengore,
If he winna fee to me
Valets three or four,
To bear my train up frae the dirt,
And ush me through the town,
Sae stand about, ye fisher jauds,
And gie my gown room!

This singular and lively song is from a very little, very curious, and very rare collection of old verses, called "A Ballad Book." I am not sure that I can find a finer specimen of female vanity than in the exclamation,

Stand about, ye fisher jauds,
And gie my gown room!

Those who wish a farther illustration than what their own experience may supply may consult Sir Richard Maitland's poem, which censures the ladies of Burrowstown for the vanity of their dress; or the Supplication of Sir David Lindsay against "Syde Tailles and Mussalit Faces." It is from the recitation of a lady who remembered it thirty years ago, but it seems much older; and if seventy years were added to the thirty, its language and manner would support the claim of antiquity. The same lady recited the fragment of another song which the Editor conjectures to be a satire on the court ladies of Edinburgh:

The lasses of the Cannogate,
O they are wondrous nice,
They winna gie a single kiss
But for a double price!
Gar hang them, gar hang them
High upon a tree,
For we'll get better up the gate
For a bawbee.

There would be a prodigious fluttering of ladies' fans were any dame, with nerves adapted to the year of grace, 1700, to sing such lyrics now.

MY DADDIE FORBADE, MY MINNIE FORBADE.

My daddie forbade, my minnie forbade,
Forbidden I wad na be;
I loved him weel, and I love him still,
And I'll love him till I die.
My minnie was harsh, my father was warse,
He sent my love o'er the sea;
But waters still and winds hae their will,
And sae will my love and me.

His hair is bright and his looks are light,
And his step is proud to see;
A wave of his hand is worth a lord's land,
Though a landless lad is he.
My daddie has sworn and my minnie has said,
And my aunt worst o' the three,
That I shall wed and I shall bed
Wi' the laird o' Logan-lee.

The laird is gray and the laird is grim,
And a kirkyard cough has he;
And his voice is like a voice frae the grave
When he comes wooing me.
Come spread thy sail to the snoring gale,
And bound o'er the billows free,
Else I maun wed and scatter the gowd
O' the laird of Logan-lee.

Part of this song is old, and a part of it seems suggested by Ramsay's song to the same air, in which indeed some of the fragments of the earlier lyric are embodied. I think the present song will be found nearer the character of the old, of which the two first lines were the commencement. The beginning of a song ought always to wear the hue of the sentiments which are to succeed; but many of our lyrics, particularly those which have been renovated from old verses, disobey this very natural principle; and still more so, some of our choruses, many of which not only interrupt the current of thought, but contradict the feeling or the humour of which they should be as an echo.

Logan-water and Logan-lee seem to be favourite places of the Muse. Our old poets probably knew the stream and the land, and sung of what they saw. Later bards, and Burns among them, took the name as one fit for lyric poetry, and sought to renew or revive the ancient feeling.

THE LASS THAT WAS LADEN WITH CARE.

A lass that was laden wi' care
Sat heavily under a thorn;
I listened awhile for to hear,
When thus she began for to mourn:—
Whene'er my own lover was near
The birds seemed far sweeter to sing,
The cold nipping winter-time wore
A face that resembled the spring.
Sae merry as we twa hae been,
Sae merry as we twa hae been,
My heart it is like for to break
When I think on the days we hae seen.

There was love in his sweet silent looks,
There was love in the touch of his hand—
I liked mair the glance of his ee
Than a' the green earth to command:
A word, and a look, and a touch—
Hard-hearted, oh! how could I be?
Oh! the cauldest lass o' the land
Wad hae sighed and hae melted like me!
Sae merry as we twa hae been,
Sae merry as we twa hae been,
I wonder my heart disnae break
When I think on the days we have seen.

But now he is far, far away,
Between us is rolling the sea,
And the wind that wafts pleasure to a'
Brings nae word frae Willie to me:
At night, when the rest of the folk
Are merrily seated to spin,
I sit myself under an oak,
A heavily sighing for him.
Sae merry as we twa hae been,
Sae merry as we twa hae been,
My heart it will break ere the spring,
As I think on the days I hae seen.

Herd preserved a copy of this song in his collection: it seems a modern composition with an old chorus, which for pathos is well worth all the rest of the song. No author's name is given, nor is it very material; but it appears to have been composed with the wish of impressing the feeling of the old chorus on the song. The copy which I present to the reader has been formed from Herd's version, assisted by several oral copies; and I think, in simplicity and in pathos, it exceeds any of the songs which profess to embody the same story and sentiment. The air is very old and very popular, and the song which Allan Ramsay wrote for it and that which Herd printed have found their way into many collections, and may be yet heard from many lips.

THE SOUTERS OF SELKIRK.

Up wi' the souters of Selkirk,
And down wi' the Earl of Home;
And up wi' a' the brave lads
Wha sew the single-sóled shoon!
O! fye upon yellow and yellow,
And fye upon yellow and green;
But up wi' the true blue and scarlet,
And up wi' the single-soled shoon!

Up wi' the souters of Selkirk—
Up wi' the lingle and last!
There 's fame wi' the days that 's coming,
And glory wi' them that are past:
Up wi' the souters of Selkirk—
Lads that are trusty and leal;
And up wi' the men of the Forest,
And down wi' the Merse to the Deil!

O! mitres are made for noddles,
But feet they are made for shoon;
And fame is as sib to Selkirk
As light is true to the moon:
There sits a souter in Selkirk,
Wha sings as he draws his thread—
There 's gallant souters in Selkirk
As lang 's there 's water in Tweed.

Common tradition—and common tradition is followed by some of our ablest antiquaries—finds the origin of this song in the field of Flodden; while Ritson, following in some measure, and misunderstanding, the statistical account of the parish, finds it in a contest at football between the families of Home and Philiphaugh. The erudite Joseph laughs, and cries "This is decisive, and so much for Scottish tradition!" He was not aware that he was duped by one tradition while in the act of doubting another. I choose to elude any decision upon this controversy, where conjecture is produced against conjecture. I am afraid that the mention of single-soled shoon adds no farther proof to the believed antiquity of the song, since single-soled shoon, under the name of channel-pumps, have been in request within my own remembrance. Had they been the "rough-rowlins" noticed by Blind Harry and Froissart, it might have been more decisive. Nor can I allow much weight to the remark that the earldom of Home is a modern creation, since it is very well known that names are altered and changed as the story comes down the stream of tradition, and the song that commenced with the laird might end with the earl.

It is a story currently credited in Selkirk, that the souters, headed by William Brydone, fought gallantly and almost all perished on the field of Flodden. The sword of Brydone is still in the possession of his descendants; and an old and curious standard, taken from the English in the field by one of the Selkirk weavers,

is still carried annually before the corporation of which he was a member. I shall not stay to laugh with Ritson about the naked feet of our ancestors, nor quote Johnson to prove that the people of Aberdeen learned the art of "accommodating their feet with shoes" from the fighting and psalm-singing troopers of Oliver Cromwell. I might quote a very old authority to prove that the feet of one Scotchman at least were "accommodated" with very handsome shoes somewhere about the year 1296, since their beauty was made matter of reproach by a knight of the house of Selby; but I choose rather to rely on the assistance of a very rude and antique rhyme to prove that wherever the ancient and meritorious craft of souters originated, they at least found the tools and the materials for "accommodating" men's feet with shoes in a hotter climate than England:

There came souters out o' Mar,
And souters twice as far,
And souters out o' Peterhead,
Wi' no a tooth in a' their head,
Wi' tugging and rugging leather;
They came a' in a flock together—
And auld king Crispin was first himsel,
And he looked down into hell,
And ho! quo' he, I see leather to sell:
May I swing till doom in a hair tether,
But down I 'll gae and price that leather.
He wan down, and I canna tell ye how,
But when he came up he had a burnt mou';

He bouket up nine pints o' oil and a pound o' wax,
Wi' crooked gullies five or sax,
And a foot-fang to haud them a' fast;
And when he thought the foul fiends were a' gane,
He bouket up a patie-boy and a sharping-stane.

But it is not in this old rhyme alone that the craft of the good men of Selkirk is signalized; the curious familiar rhyme will be remembered by many:

The aulder that a plum-tree grows,
The blacker grow the plums;
And the aulder that a souter grows,
The blacker grow his thumbs.

I remember, too, something of the remains of a scoffing rhyme, from which it would seem that the citizens of Selkirk were not always so proud of the name of souters as they are now, since Sir Walter Scott is one of their number:

Gentlemen and cordiners
I ca' ye ane and a'—
But when a mile frae Selkirk town,
I'll swear ye're souters a'.

These rude verses, with several others, I have heard chanted in my youth in derision of the commendable craft of shoemaking: to compensate for the liberty I have taken in quoting them, I have made it my business to seek for and find a more perfect copy of the song in its honour than any hitherto published.

THE BONNIE BAIRNS.

The lady she walk'd in yon wild wood
  Aneath the hollin tree,
And she was aware of two bonnie bairns
  Were running at her knee.
The tane it pull'd a red, red rose,
  With a hand as soft as silk;
The other, it pull'd the lily pale,
  With a hand mair white than milk.

Now, why pull ye the rose, fair bairns?
  And why the white lilie?
O we sue wi' them at the seat of grace,
  For the soul of thee, ladie!
O bide wi' me, my twa bonnie bairns!
  I'll cleed ye rich and fine;
And all for the blaeberries of the wood,
  Yese hae white bread and wine.

She heard a voice, a sweet low voice,
  Say, weans, ye tarry lang—
She stretch'd her hand to the youngest bairn,
  Kiss me before ye gang.
She sought to take a lily hand,
  And kiss a rosie chin—
O, nought sae pure can bide the touch
  Of a hand red-wet wi' sin!

The stars were shooting to and fro,
And wild fire fill'd the air,
As that lady follow'd thae bonnie bairns
For three lang hours and mair.
O! where dwell ye, my ain sweet bairns?
I'm woe and weary grown!
O! lady, we live where woe never is,
In a land to flesh unknown.

There came a shape which seemed to her
As a rainbow mang the rain,
And sair these sweet babes pled for her,
And they pled and pled in vain.
And O! and O! said the youngest babe,
My mother maun come in:
And O! and O! said the eldest babe,
Wash her twa hands frae sin.

And O! and O! said the youngest babe,
She nursed me on her knee:
And O! and O! said the eldest babe,
She 's a mither yet to me.
And O! and O! said thae babes baith,
Take her where waters rin,
And white as the milk of her white breast,
Wash her twa hands from sin.

I have ventured to arrange and eke out these old and remarkable verses, but I have no right to claim any more merit from their appearance than what arises from in-

ducing the stream of the story to glide more smoothly away. It is seldom, indeed, that song has chosen so singular a theme, but the superstition it involves is current in Scotland.

THE DRUNKEN WIFE OF GALLOWAY.

Down in yon valley a couple did tarry;
The wife she drank naething but sack and canary:
The gudeman complain'd to her friends right sairly,
O! gin my wife wad drink hoolie and fairly!

First she drank Crummie, and then she drank Gairie,
And syne she has drucken my bonnie gray maerie,
That carried me through the dub and the lairie:
O! gin my wife wad drink hoolie and fairly!

She has drucken her hose, syne has she her shoon,
Her snaw-white mutch and her bonnie new gown,
Her sark of the hollans that cover'd her rarely:
O! gin my wife wad drink hoolie and fairly!

Wad she drink but her ain things I wadnae much care,
But she drinks my claes that I canna weel spare;
At kirk and at market I'm cover'd but barely:
O! gin my wife wad drink hoolie and fairly!

The very gray mittens that gade on my hans,
Wi' her neighbour wife she has put them in pawns;

My bane-headed staff that I loved so dearly—
O! gin my wife wad drink hoolie and fairly!

I sit by my ingle sae mim and sae mute,
While she looks as black and as bitter as soot;
And when she's for war, I am aye for a parley—
O! gin my wife wad drink hoolie and fairly!

When I am saddest, she laughs and she sings;
My gold and my siller she's lending them wings;
She shines like a princess—I scrimpet and sparely—
O! gin my wife wad drink hoolie and fairly!

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow,
But when she sits down she aye fills herself fou;
And then when she's fou, she's sae unco camstarie—
O! gin my wife wad drink hoolie and fairly!

And when she comes hame she aye lays on the lads,
She ca's a' the lasses baith limmers and jauds,
And I my ain sel an auld cuckold carlie—
O! gin my wife wad drink hoolie and fairly!

This very lively old song seems to be the production of some Galloway minstrel; and as the district is not over fertile in verse, it would be ungracious to seek its author in a more inspired quarter. It was published in Yair's collection; and seems to have been corrected by some skilful hand for Johnson's Musical Museum. But the best copy which I ever saw of it was bought from a ballad-singer's basket, adopting the most judicious

emendations of Johnson, and restoring some of the neglected verses of Yair. Something of a kindred feeling runs through a curious fragment preserved by Jamieson:

There lives a landart laird in Fife,
And he has married a dandily wife:
She wadnae shape, nor yet wad she sew,
But sit wi' her cummers and fill hersel fou.

She wadnae spin, nor yet wad she card,
But she wad sit and dawte wi' the laird:
She wadnae wash, nor wad she wring,
For spoiling of her gay gold ring.

But the spirit of the commencing verses sinks into a vulgar piece of practical humour: The laird

Killed a black wether, flayed off its skin,
And wrapt his dandily lady therein:
I darena pay you for your gentle kin,
But weel may I skelp my black sheep skin.

In Thomson's Collection of Scottish Songs there is a softened version of this free old lyric from the pen of Joanna Baillie. I prefer the original—not from its wickedness, but its spirit.

JENNY NETTLES.

Saw ye Jenny Nettles,
Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
Saw ye Jenny Nettles,
Coming frae the market;
Bag and baggage on her back,
Her fee and bountith in her lap;
Bag and baggage on her back,
And a babie in her basket?

I mét ayont the cairny
Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
Singing till her bairny,
Robin Rattle's bastard;
To flee the dool upo' the stool,
And ilka ane that mocks her,
She round about seeks Robin out,
To stap it in his oxter.

Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,
Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle;
Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,
Use Jenny Nettles kindly:
Score out the blame, and shun the shame,
And without mair debate o't,
Tak hame your wean, make Jenny fain
The leel and leesome gate o't.

Jenny Nettles is an old and general favourite. It is one of those strange productions which, without observing any rule of lyric composition, or much delicacy, continues to please from the ease and careless animation which begins as the song begins, and ends not till it ends. There can be little doubt that some of this song is much older than Allan Ramsay's days, who printed it without any notice in his collection. I have heard fragments of what seemed a far older song sung in Nithsdale; and from what I remember, I have corrected the rhyme of the concluding line of the first verse. The appearance of Jenny in the beginning of the song is very lively: she seems to hasten along with all the symptoms of rustic wealth about her; bag and baggage, and fee and bountith, while the addition of the child seems scarcely to be an encumbrance, or to form any drawback to the joy in which she marches.

LEADER-HAUGHS AND YARROW.

When Phœbus bright the azure skies
With golden rays enlight'neth,
He makes all nature's beauties rise,
Herbs, trees, and flowers, he quick'neth:
Amongst all those he makes his choice,
And with delight goes thorow,
With radiant beams and silver streams,
Are Leader-Haughs and Yarrow.

When Aries the day and night
In equal length divideth,
Auld frosty Saturn takes his flight,
Nae langer he abideth:
Then Flora queen, with mantle green,
Casts off her former sorrow,
And vows to dwell with Ceres sel,
In Leader-Haughs and Yarrow.

Pan playing on his aiten reed,
And shepherds him attending,
Do here resort their flocks to feed,
The hills and haughs commending;
With cur and kent upon the bent,
Sing to the sun, Good-morrow,
And swear nae fields mair pleasures yield
Than Leader-Haughs and Yarrow.

A house there stands on Leader side,
Surmounting my describing,
With rooms sae rare, and windows fair,
Like Dædalus' contriving:
Men passing by do often cry,
In sooth it hath nae marrow;
It stands as sweet on Leader side,
As Newark does on Yarrow.

A mile below, who lists to ride,
They'll hear the mavis singing;
Into St. Leonard's banks she'll bide,
Sweet birks her head o'er-hinging:
The lintwhite loud, and Progne proud,
With tuneful throats and narrow,
Into St. Leonard's banks they sing,
As sweetly as in Yarrow.

The lapwing lilteth o'er the lee,
With nimble wing she sporteth;
By vows she'll flee far frae the tree
Where Philomel resorteth:
By break of day, the lark can say,
I'll bid you a good-morrow,
I'll streek my wing, and mounting sing,
O'er Leader-Haughs and Yarrow.

Park, Wanton-waws, and Wooden-cleugh,
The east and western Mainses,

The wood of Lauder's fair enough,
The corns are good in Blainshes,
Where aits are fine, and sald be kind,
That if ye search all thorow,
Mearns, Buchan, Mar, nane better are
Than Leader-Haughs and Yarrow.

In Burn Mill-bog and Whitslade shaws,
The fearful hare she haunteth,
Brig-haugh and Braidwoodsheil she knaws,
And Chapel-wood frequenteth.
Yet when she irks, to Kaidsley birks
She rins, and sighs for sorrow,
That she should leave sweet Leader-Haughs,
And cannot win to Yarrow.

What sweeter music wad ye hear,
Than hounds and beigles crying?
The started hare rins hard with fear,
Upon her speed relying.
But yet her strength it fails at length,
Nae beilding can she borrow
In Sorrel's field, Cleckman or Hag's,
And sighs to be in Yarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spotty, Shag,
With sight and scent pursue her,
Till ah! her pith begins to flag,
Nae cunning can rescue her.

O'er dub and dyke, o'er sheugh and syke,
She'll run the fields all thorow,
Till fail'd she fa's in Leader-Haughs,
And bids farewell to Yarrow.

Sing Erslington and Cowdenknows,
Where Homes had ance commanding:
And Drygrange with thy milk-white ewes,
'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing:
The bird that flies through Reedpath trees,
And Gledswood banks ilk morrow,
May chant and sing, Sweet Leader-Haughs,
And bonny howms of Yarrow.

But minstrel Burn cannot assuage
His grief, while life endureth,
To see the changes of this age,
That fleeting time procureth;
For mony a place stands in hard case,
Where blyth fowk kend nae sorrow,
With Homes that dwelt on Leader side,
And Scotts that dwelt on Yarrow.

This fine old pastoral ballad is said to be the composition of Nicol Burn, a minstrel who was famous on the border sometime in the sixteenth century. We read it with a pleasure largely increased by the rarity of such compositions at a period when the old martial spirit had not subsided on the Marches. After the blows and

blood of the military ballads, the song of Nicol Burn comes to infuse a spirit of peace and pastoral enjoyment; and we have so much of the freshness of bank and stream breathed round, that we almost forget how we were impeded on our way by Saturn and by Flora, by Ceres and by Pan. It is a pity it is so very long, but yet it cannot well be shortened without lopping off some favourite part. The second verse seems the only one that might be spared; but those who can endure eleven verses may endure the dozen—so let it go. I am afraid few of our living songstresses will have the patience of our ancient border ladies, who made this lyric vocal on many a festive occasion.

FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

For the sake of somebody,
For the sake of somebody,
I could wake a winter-night,
For the sake of somebody:
I am gaun to seek a wife,
I am gaun to buy a plaidy;
I have three stane of woo,
Carlin, is thy daughter ready?

Betty, lassie, say't thy sel,
Though thy dame be ill to shoo,
First we'll buckle, then we'll tell,
Let her flyte and syne come to:

What signifies a mither's gloom,
When loving kisses come in play?
Should we wither in our bloom,
And in simmer mak nae hay?

Bonnie lad, I carena by,
Though I try my luck with thee,
Since ye are content to tye
The ha'f-mark bridal band wi' me;
I'll slip hame, and wash my feet,
And steal on linens fair and clean,
Syne at the trysting-place we'll meet,
To do but what my dame has done.—

Now my lovely Betty gives
Consent in sic a heartsome gate,
It me frae a' my care relieves,
And doubts that gart me aft look blate;
Then let us gang and get the grace,
For they that have an appetite
Should eat; and lovers should embrace:
If these be faults, 'tis nature's wyte.

If this is not an ancient song retouched in many places by the hand of Allan Ramsay, I know not how to describe it. It is published in his Collection unaccompanied by any mark denoting either age or author, yet there can be little doubt that much of it is old, and it carries with it the tokens of alteration and amendment. The first four lines seem to have little connexion with the rest of

the song, and may have been pressed into the service on some sudden call on the Muse; yet it is dangerous to decide upon such symptoms, since many of our choruses bear no resemblance to the songs which they accompany. —The dramatic form of song was in high favour among our old poets, and imparted an animation and a reality to the composition. But the speakers sometimes said more than we are willing now to sing; and, forgetting themselves, occasionally, they sinned against the rules of decorum as well as all the precepts of brevity.

THE DENS OF YARROW.

She kissed his cheek, she kamed his hair,
As oft she'd done before O;
She belted him with his noble sword,
And he's awa' to Yarrow.
As he gaed up the Tennies bank—
I wot he gaed wi' sorrow;
And there he spied nine armed men
On the dowie howms of Yarrow.

O come ye here to part your lands
The bonnie forest thorough;
Or come ye here to wield your brands
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow?

We come na here to part our lands,
To beg, nor yet to borrow;
We come to use our noble brands
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow.

I see ye all, nine men to ane—
That's an unequal marrow;
Yet will I fight, while lasts my brand,
For my true love on Yarrow.
Four has he hurt, four has he slain—
Their blood dropt in the Yarrow,
Till that fierce knight came him behind
And ran his body thorough.

Gae hame, gae hame now, brother John,
And tell your sister Sarah
To come and lift her leafu' lord—
He's sleeping sound on Yarrow.
And he went to his sister's bower—
I wot he gade wi' sorrow;
There is a fair knight bleeds to death
In the dowie dens of Yarrow.

Yestreen I dream'd a dolefu' dream—
I fear there will be sorrow:
I dream'd I pu'd the heather green
To bed my love by Yarrow.
O gentle wind, now blowing south,
From where my love repaireth,

Bring me a word from his dear mouth,
To tell me how he fareth.

And she went down the high high hill—
She went wi' dule and sorrow;
She saw her love wi' nine dead men
Lie in the links of Yarrow;
She kissed his cheek, she shed his hair,
She search'd his wounds all thorough;
And kissed them till her lips grew red,
On the dowie links of Yarrow.

Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear,
Thy moan breeds mickle sorrow;
I'll find thee a far nobler lord
Than him ye lost on Yarrow.
The mavis, it shall mourn in spring,
And sunshine freeze the Yarrow,
Before ye find so sweet a youth
As him for whom I sorrow.

Of all the various copies of this moving song I have preferred that of Sir Walter Scott, as the most beautiful and perfect. I have seen a fragment of the same song in the hand-writing of Burns, addressed to Lord Woodhouselee, and accompanied with the information that the poet had once a great number of such fragments, which he found among the peasantry of the west country; but as he thought nobody cared for them, they

had escaped from his memory. A verse or two may be worth preserving.

Where shall I gang, my ain true love,
  Where shall I gang to hide me?
For weel ye ken i' yere father's bower
  It wad be death to find me.
O go you to yon tavern house,
  And there count o'er your lawin;
And if I be a woman true
  I'll meet you in the dawin.

O he's gone to yon tavern house,
  And counted o'er his lawin—
When in there came three armed men
  To meet him in the dawin.
O, woe be unto woman's wit—
  It has beguiled many;—
She promised to come hersel,
  But she sent three men to slay me.

She sought him east, she sought him west,
  She sought him braid and narrow;
Till in the cleavin of a craig
  She found him drown'd in Yarrow.
She's ta'en three links of her yellow hair,
  That hung down lang and yellow;
And she's tied it 'bout sweet Willie's waist,
  And drawn him out of Yarrow.

Those who are fond of more polished composition will gladly turn from these rude and less graceful strains, to the pathetic song of Hamilton of Bangou.—"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride." On a low moor, on the bank of the Yarrow, to the west of Yarrow kirk, stand two tall unhewn masses of stone, about eighty yards distant from each other; and the least child that can herd a cow will tell the passenger that there lie the two lords who were slain in single combat. They are supposed to have been John Scott of Tushielaw, and Walter Scott of Thirlestone, who fought a duel on the spot: the latter was slain: he was the male ancestor of the present Lord Napier. Sir Walter Scott has formed his edition of the song out of several copies; and I suspect Burns, in the fragments which he preserved, mingled two songs of something of the same character together.

THE THREE LADIES OF LEITHAN HA'.

The three fair ladies of Leithan ha',
They were ladies jimp and ladies sma';
The eldest ane was tall and fair,
Wi' blue merry eyes and long brown hair;
The midmost was of a rosie hue;
The youngest a lily born in the dew—
She was sweeter than the bloom of the thorn,
And blythe as a lark on an April morn.

A knight bowed low and blest the three;
But to the youngest he bent the knee.
The lady blushed all o'er with red—
Sir Knight, I'm far too young to wed.
He went in March, and he came in June;
He knelt, and sued, and he won his boon.
I shall ask ye from your father old,
Your sisters fair, and your brethren bold.

He asked her from her father dear,
Her brethren bold, and her sisters fair:
The bridal came, and lord and knight.
Rode wondering at that lady bright;
And many a youth wished gallantly
O gin she were but a bride to me;
For meek and sweet she shines o'er a',
The bonnie lady of Leithan ha'.

Red flushed her brow—more red her cheek—
As the bridegroom kissed her chaste and meek:
She leant her over the saddle bow,
Saying, kiss me, Johnie, afore I go.
Oh, red and ruddy I saw her stoop;
But white and trembling looked she up:
The whitest lily by down and dale,
Or primrose, ne'er was half so pale.

Now, bridegroom, wave your plume in pride—
A laughing lord, and a weeping bride.

O had ye asked but my will to wed,
A living lady had warmed your bed.
Your bridal mirth o'er down and dale
Shall soon be changed to woe and wail;
And ye may write on her burial stone—
"O had I asked but her brother John."

She hadnae ridden half through the town,
Afore her life's-blood stained her gown.
Ride softly, said the best young man—
Our bonnie bride looks pale and wan.
Oh take me to yon little well,
And I shall sit and make my will:
The water that gushes sweet to see,
And yon sun shall shine nae mair for me.

O what will ye leave to your sad bridegroom?
My milk-white steed wi' the silver shoon.
O what will ye leave to your father old?
My coal black steed shod round wi' gold.
And to my mother, kind and dear,
A velvet pall and my bridal bier—
O when she nursed me on her knee
She thought not of this end to me!

O what will ye leave your sister Jane?
My golden robe that can stand its lane.
O what will ye give to your sister Bess?
My bloody robes to wash and dress.

O what will ye give to your brother John?
The gallows high to hang him on:
To dogs and ravening crows his corse—
A murdered sister's scorn and curse.

It would have made a hale heart sair
To see the bridegroom rive his hair:
He shed no tears—but muttering stood,
And vowed a vow of wrath and blood;
He turned his steed—on Leithan lea
Gray men show you the blasted tree;
The blasted tree and the bloody stone,
And talk of the death of false Sir John.

The common copies of this tragic lyric differ very much from this: not so much in the story itself as in the way it is told. The regular recurrence of the burthen at the end of every line interrupted, rather than aided, the dramatic interest of the narrative. I have often wished this unseemly auxiliary away; and I am glad of the popular sanction which this version gives of omitting it altogether. That my readers may know the value of what I have deprived them of, I shall add a verse or two as it is printed by Jamieson.

There were three ladies played at the ba',
With a heigh-ho and a lily gay;
And there came a knight and played o'er them a'
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

The eldest was baith tall and fair,
With a heigh-ho and a lily gay;
But the youngest was beyond compare,
And the primrose spreads so sweetly.

I know not to what district of Scotland to ascribe the origin of this mournful ditty. It is true that Leithau ha' is in the lowlands; but its origin ought rather to be deduced from language and character than from the names of places; since every singer or reciter feels at liberty to shift the scene of the story, and change the names of the heroes or heroines. The stories of many of our ancient domestic or romantic lyrics are of a deeply tragic nature; the early Muse seems to have delighted in scenes of crime and misery, and to have sought to gratify the popular and vulgar taste with minute details of horror and bloodshed.

O MITHER DEAR, I 'GIN TO FEAR.

O mither dear, I 'gin to fear,
Though I'm baith good and bonny,
I winna keep; for in my sleep
I start and dream of Johnny.
When Johnny then comes down the glen,
To woo me, dinna hinder;
But with content gi' your consent,
For we twa ne'er can sinder.

Better-tu marry than miscarry;
For shame and skaith's the clink o't,
To thole the dool, to mount the stool,
I downa bide to think o't;
Sae while 'tis time I'll shun the crime,
That gars poor Epps gae whinging,
With haunches fow, and een sae blew,
To a' the bedrals binging.

Had Eppy's apron bidden down,
The kirk had ne'er a kend it;
But when the word's gane through the town,
Alake how can she mend it?
Now Tam maun face the minister,
And she maun mount the pillar;
And that's the way that they maun gae—
For poor folk hae nae siller.

Now haud yere tongue, my daughter dear,
Replied the kindly mither;
Get Johnny's hand in haly band,
Syne wap yere wealth together.
I'm o' the mind if he be kind
Ye'll do your part discreetly,
And prove a wife, will gar his life
And thine rin smooth and sweetly.

"Jenny dang the Weaver," to which Allan Ramsay directs this song to be sung, is the name of a favourite

lowland air, and a line of an ancient song of the same title, which is now, I fear, for ever lost. I never heard more of it than the following lines:

Jenny lap an' Jenny flang,
Jenny dang the weaver;
The piper played, an' Jenny sprang,
An' auld men sang to see her.

This, Ramsay, with less than his usual good fortune, has explained into "Jenny beguiled the wabster," misinterpreting the nature of Jenny's conquest, which was obtained by a light foot and a merry spirit over the more slow and less agile weaver. The old chorus which Allan quotes countenances in the two first lines this interpretation.

Up stairs, down stairs,
Timber stairs fear me;
I'm laith to lie a' night, my lane,
And Johnnie's bed sae near me.

Yet I cannot well reconcile this with the song preserved to the same air in Herd's collection, which includes this old chorus; unless we suppose that the heroine who vanquished the weaver was a Musselburgh maiden, who, lightened of the encumbrance of her "mussel-powk," leaped and danced so much to the delight of the aged.

As I came in by Fisher-row,
Musselburgh was near me;
I threw off my mussel-powk,
And courted wi' my dearie.

To those acquainted with the active and athletic forms of the Musselburgh maidens, the conquest of the weaver will be matter of little surprise. There is a naïveté in the first verse of Ramsay's version which I like so much, that I wish it had run through its companions.

THE BONNIE BONNIE BROOM.

A lady sat by her bower door,
And I wot she made great moan;
Shall I meet my love 'mang the bonnie bonnie broom,
Or bide a maid at home?
O up then spake a witch woman—
O lady ye'll be to blame;
For ye may gang to the bonnie bonnie broom,
And yet come maiden hame.

It's when ye gang to the bonnie bonnie broom
Ye'll find your love asleep,
With a silver buglet at his head
And a broom bush at his feet.

Take ye the blossom of the broom—
The bloom that smells sae sweet;
And strew it at your true love's head,
And scatter it at his feet.

And take that ring from your finger fair,
And put it on his right hand;
To let him know when he doth awake
His love was at his command.
She pou'd the bloom of the bonnie bonnie broom,
And strew'd on his white hause-bane;
And that was to be a wittering true
That his love had come and gane.

O where were ye, my milk-white steed,
That I have coft sae dear—
That wadnae watch and waken me
When there was a maiden here?
I stamped wi' my foot, master,
And gaur'd my bridle ring;
But nae kind thing would waken you
Till she was past and gone.

And wae betide ye, my gay goshawk,
That I do love so dear,
That wadnae watch and waken me
When there was a maiden here.
I clapped ay my wings, master,
And loud my bells I rang;

And aye cried, Waken, waken, master,
Before the lady gang.

Now haste, and haste, my gude white steed,
To come the maiden till,
Else a' the birds of the wide green wood
Of your flesh shall have their fill.
Ye neednae mount your gude white steed,
Nor spur him till he foam;
No bird flies faster through the air
Than she flew through the broom.

In the Minstrelsy this song is printed under the name of Broomfield-hill; and the editor supposes, with some probability, that it is at least related to the "Brume, brume on hill," mentioned in the Complaynt of Scotland, which is quoted by Dugdale, in his Warwickshire; and in a "very merrie and pythie Comedie," called "The longer thou livest the more fool thou art." It is not at all improbable; for the song has many popular qualities, and may have once been a great favourite. Broom flourishes frequently in old verse—from the broom of the Cowdenknowes down to the long yellow broom of Burns. It has been employed largely in lovers' bowers; and though its bloom and its fragrance have yielded to birks and hawthorn, it seems still the most sweet and natural bower that lyric poetry celebrates. This very fair and beautiful shrub, though still plentiful, is far less abundant than formerly. I

remember it in immense fields, waving nearly as far as the eye could reach, green, and long, and blooming; and in a windy day all the land near it was showered thickly over with its yellow flowers. A bower, so verdant and so fragrant, was worthy of the presence of beauty; and it was there that our ancestors wooed—their descendants, a less poetical race and less sensible of the influence of external nature, make love in a carpeted room with a patent lamp and a painted ceiling, and pity the taste of the lady who sings, in the old song,

He 's low down, among the broom,
That 's waiting for me.

THE BORDER WIDOW.

My love he built me a bonnie bower,
And clad it a' wi' lily flower:
A braver bower ye ne'er did see
Than my true lover built for me.

There came a man at mid-day hour—
He heard my song and he saw my bower;
And he brought armed men that night,
And broke my bower and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear,
And burnt my bower, and drave my gear—

My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

I sewed his sheet, and made my mane;
I watched his corse myself alane—
I watched by night, and I watched by day,
No living creature came that way.

I bore his body on my back,
And whiles I went and whiles I sat:
I digged a grave and laid him in,
And happed him wi' the sod sae green.

As I laid the earth on his coal black hair
O think nae ye my heart was sair?
O think nae ye my heart was wae
When I turned from his grave to gae?

The man lives not I'll love again,
Since that my comely knight is slain—
Wi' ae lock of his raven hair
I'll bind my heart for ever mair.

Sir Walter Scott regards this fragment as a lament for the death of Cockburn of Henderland, a noted border freebooter, whom King James the Fifth hanged over the gate of his own tower. Tradition, which ascribes this song or dirge to the catastrophe of Cockburn, says he was surprised by the king while sitting at dinner. The remains of the freebooter's hold may be seen near

the mouth of a wild stream which falls into St. Mary's Lake: the adjacent country, now bleak and bare, once afforded shelter to the largest stags in Scotland. In the recesses of a wild glen, down which a mountain stream gushes, the wife of Cockburn, it is said, retreated during the execution of her husband—a seat, called the Lady's Seat, is still pointed out where she strove to drown, amid the roar of the cataract, the shouts which announced the close of his existence.

After all, however, I am inclined to regard this lament rather as a portion of some old romance than as the record of an event so recent as the death of the marauder Cockburn. It is conceived in a less natural and rather loftier style than is common to historical compositions—name and place, and time of the year, were sung with a scrupulous exactness; and the death of Johnnie Armstrong is the very perfection of the art of telling a border story. I have seen it in a much less perfect state than it is to be found in the Minstrelsy—less clever and distinct, but the pathos equally touching.

The heron flew east, the heron flew west,
The heron flew to the fair forest;
For there she saw a lovely bower
Was a' clad o'er wi' lily flower;
And in the bower there was a bed
With silken sheets and weel down spred;
And in the bed there lay a knight,
Whose wounds did bleed both day and night;

And by the bed there stood a stane,
And there was set a leal maiden
With silver needle and silken thread,
Stemming the wounds when they did bleed.

Mr. Hogg, in his notes to his ballad of Sir David Graeme, gives the above fragment from the recitation of his mother—and many mutilated verses of the same character might be added.

ANNAN WATER.

O, Annan water's wide and deep,
And my love Annie's wond'rous bonny—
Shall I be loth to weet my feet
For her whom I love best of ony?
Gar saddle me my bonny black,
Gar saddle soon, and make him ready,
For I will down the Gatehope slack,
And all to see my bonny lady.

He has loupen on the bonny black,
He stirred him wi' the spur fu' sairly,
And ere he won the Gatehope slack
I wot the steed was wae and weary.
He has loupen on the bonny gray,
He rode the right gate and the ready—

O nought could make him stint or stay,
For he thought on his bonny lady.

O he has ridden o'er field and fell,
Through moss and stream, and moor and mire;
His spurs of steel were sore to bide,
And frae her fore-feet flew the fire.
Now bonny gray, now play your part!
And gin ye bear me to my deary,
Wi' corn and hay ye'se be fed for aye,
And never spur shall make ye weary.

She was a mare, a right good mare,
But when she wan to Annan water
She could nae hae ridden a furlong mair,
Had a thousand merks been wadded at her.
O boatman, boatman! put off your boat,
Put off your boat for gowden money;
I cross the drumlie stream to-night,
Or never mair I meet my honey.

O, I was sworn, late, late yestreen,
And not by ae oath, but by many—
For all the gowd in south Scotland
I mauna take ye through to Annie.
The side was stey, the bottom deep,
Frae bank to brae the water pouring,
And the bonny gray did shake for fear,
For she heard the water-kelpie roaring.

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O he has pou'd off his dapper pie coat,
The silver buttons glancing bonnie;
The waistcoat bursted off his breast,
His heart leap'd sae wi' melancholy.
He has ta'en the ford at the stream tail:
I wot he swam both stout and steady,
But the stream was broad, and his strength did fail—
He never saw his bonnie lady.

O wae betide the frush saugh wand,
And wae betide the bush of briar!
They broke into my true love's hand
When his strength did fail and limbs did tire.
And wae betide thee, Annan stream,
Ye are a deep and deadly river;
But over thee I'll build a bridge,
That ye nae mair true love may sever.

We owe the preservation of this fine pathetic song to Sir Walter Scott. Much of it is old, and much of it seems touched over and amended by a hand equally lucky and skilful. I have heard it sung on the banks of the Annan. Like all traditional verses, there are many variations. It has been long known by the name of

My love Annie's wond'rous bonnie.

I have some suspicion that the first verse has suffered corruption, from an old fragment which gave more the air of pleasure than of pathos to the song—

O, Annan water's wading deep,
Yet I am loth to weet my feet;
But if ye'll consent to marry me,
I'll hire a horse to carry thee.

The Annan is a beautiful but a dangerous river, with alternate pool and stream, and liable, like all mountain waters, to sudden floods. It happened, some thirty years ago, on the night of Lockerby Lamb Fair, that two brothers of the name of Bell had a quarrel over their cups with a youth of the name of Johnstone. Blows were exchanged; but they were parted more by force of hand than by the influence of advice. Johnstone, fearing the strength and hatred of the brothers, made his way from the crowd and hastened homewards: he was instantly followed by the Bells, and the Bells were again followed by many friends as well as enemies, all anxious to interfere or share in the expected battle. Johnstone ran towards Halleath's Ferry, leaped into the boat, and had already pushed it some yards from the bank when his pursuers came up. The pool of Halleaths is both wide and deep; and at that time the river, increased by a sudden rain in the uplands, was, in the language of the peasantry, raging from bank to brae. The Bells, maddened with drink, and inflamed by rage, looked not one moment, but leaped abreast into the flooded pool: they could neither reach the boat nor swim across. The first who saw the peril of their situation was young Johnstone: he turned the boat and

sought to save them, but the raging stream made it impossible. The second who saw them was their cousin, another Bell, who had followed them to the river bank. He looked on them for a moment, and plunged in beside them; but no human strength could contend with the violence of the river. They were all three swept away, in the sight of hundreds of people; and were all carried to the same churchyard, and followed to the grave by the unhappy youth the innocent cause of their death.

Annan water was the scene of many a fray yet renowned in border song. When one of the Armstrongs, heavily loaded with irons, was carried at midnight out of Dumfries jail by his companions, Annan was found in flood, and the freebooter was borne over by the strength of his horse and the courage of his younger brother. Lieutenant Gordon pursued them on the spur, but he halted on the river bank; and said when he saw the flooded stream—

Cast me the airns, quo' the gude Gordon,
For bonnie Dumfries they cost fu' dear;
Now the deil o' ma, cried Jock o' the Ha',
For they'll make shoon for my gray meere.

WHAT'S THAT TO YOU?

My Jeany and I have toil'd
The live-lang simmer-day,
Till we almost were spoil'd
At making of the hay:
Her kurchy was of holland clear,
Tied on her bonny brow,
I whisper'd something in her ear—
But what's that to you?

Her stockings were of kersey green,
As tight as ony silk:
O sic a leg was never seen,
Her skin was white as milk:
Her hair was black as ane could wish,
And sweet, sweet was her mou,
Oh! Jeany daintilie can kiss;
But what's that to you?

The rose and lily baith combine,
To make my Jeany fair,
There is nae benison like mine,
I have amaist nae care;
Only I fear my Jeany's face
May cause mae men to rue,
And that may gar me say, alas!,
But what's that to you?

Conceal thy beauties if thou can,
Hide that sweet face of thine,
That I may only be the man
Enjoys these looks divine.
O do not prostitute, my dear,
Wonders to common view,
And I with faithful heart shall swear
For ever to be true.

King Solomon had wives enow,
And mony a concubine;
But I enjoy a bliss mair true,
His joys were short of mine:
And Jeany's happier than they,
She seldom wants her due;
All debts of love to her I pay,
And what's that to you?

This very clever and very old song was retouched for the Tea-table Miscellany, from a copy published by the London wits in the beginning of the last century. The wit of London seems at that period to have been much less delicate than the humour of the northern peasantry, since Allan Ramsay was obliged to restrain the licentiousness of the song before he could print it—and he was not one of the most fastidious of mankind. I love to bring forward into new life and modern society these excellent old morsels of the lively Muse—they give us a picture of the tastes and enjoyments of our ancestors; when freedom of conversation was not much curbed by

rules of strict decorum; when the language of love overflowed the bounds of perfect discretion, and men had not the fear of

Toothy critics by the score

before them, to frighten them into a colder courtesy, and a close observance of the monastic rules which are now laid down by "masters of the calling" as guides in lyric compositions.

THE WIDOW OF GLENCO.

Oh! was not I a waefu' wight,
Maid, wife, and widow in one night;
When in my soft and circling arms—
When most I thought him free from harms—
Even at the dead hour of the night,
They brake my bower and slew my knight?

Wi' ae tress of his coal black hair
I'll tie my heart for ever mair;
This golden pledge, this magic band,
I got it from a dead man's hand.
Nor gentle youth nor flattering swain
Shall ever win my heart again.

Burns says he was informed by Dr. Blacklock that this lament was composed on the unhappy massacre of Glenco in 1691. This is at least very suspicious: any one who reads the verses as they stand in the Musical Museum will observe a singular mixture of the old and the new, the simple and the affected; nor am I sure that the present copy is wholly free from these faults. They will observe more—that some of the lines are decidedly very old, and are interwoven with a similar lament from the widow of Cockburn the Freebooter. A part of the lines may also be found in a very beautiful and romantic fragment preserved by Mr. Hogg, which I have little doubt is a portion of an old romance. It is quoted in the note to the Lament of the Border Widow. Men will smile or be pleased according to their faith when I say, that the Vale of Glenco in Argyleshire has the reputation of being the birth-place of Ossian—a mighty shadow to some and a mighty name to others.

THE TWO FAIR SISTERS.

Two fair sisters lived in a bower,
There came a knight to be their wooer;
He wooed the eldest with glove and ring,
He loved the youngest aboon a' thing;
He courted the eldest with brooch and knife,
He loved the youngest aboon his life:
The eldest she was angered sair,
And envied her sister young and fair.

The eldest said to the youngest ane,
Come and see our father's ships come in:
She took her by the lily-white hand,
And led her down to the river strand.
The youngest ane stood on a stane,
The eldest took and pushed her in—
She took her by the middle sae sma,
And dashed her bonnie back to the ja'.

O sister, sister! reach me your hand,
And ye shall be heir of half my land.
O sister, sister, I'll reach not my hand,
And I'll be heir of all your land:
Shame fa' the hand that I should take,
It twin'd me and my world's maik.
O sister, sister! reach but your glove,
And sweet William shall be your love.

Ye'se have nae help frae hand or glove,
Sweet William shall better be my love;
Your cherry cheeks and yellow hair
Garred me gang maiden evermair.
Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,
Until she came to Binnorie dam—
O father, O father, now draw your dam,
Here's a mermaid or a milk-white swan!

The miller came and he drew his dam,
And there he found a drowned woman:
You could na see her yellow hair
For gold and pearls so rich and rare;
You could na see her middle sae sma',
Her gowden girdle it was so bra';
And when that he looked in her sweet pale face,
His tears ran down like Binnorie race.

An elfin harper was passing by,
That sweet pale face he chanced to spy;
He made a harp of her breast-bone,
Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone:
The strings he formed of her tresses lang,
And heavy and doleful was their sang.
With his harp he went to Binnorie hall,
Where her father sat with his nobles all.

He laid his harp upon a stone,
And the harp began to play alone:—

O yonder sits my father the king,
And yonder weeps my mother the queen;
Behind her stands my brother Hugh,
With my love William so sweet and true:
But the curse of God and thy sister Jean
Be thine for ever, thou false Helen!

I was once deeply touched with the singing of this romantic and mournful song. The singer, for the sake of keeping it within the reach of his voice, omitted the monotonous repetition of "Binnorie;" and with music, different but as tender as that of the printed copies, gave the continued sense of the story without interruption: I have ventured to print it in the manner I heard it sung. To those curious in old choruses it may be as well to present some of the verses of the various copies, that they may choose the most agreeable or melodious.

Two fair sisters lived in a bower,
Hey ho my nonnie O!
There came a knight to be their wooer
While the swan swims bonnie O!

This verse balances the claims of England and Scotland to this pathetic song; and by using words common to the north of the one and the south of the other, leaves it undecided. Nor is this weighty matter settled by another burthen, equally unmeaning and much more common—

He courted the eldest with glove and ring—
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
He loved the youngest aboon a' thing,
By the bonnie milldams of Binnorie.

Mrs. Brown's Manuscript, from which the excellent copy in the Border Minstrelsy was compiled, has a different burthen, and a very different arrangement of the verses:—

There were two sisters sat in a bower,
Edinborough, Edinborough!
There were two sisters sat in a bower,
Stirling for aye!
There were two sisters sat in a bower,
There came a knight to be their wooer—
Bonnie St. Johnstown stands upon Tay.

These lines are curious, and confirm the claim of the north to the song, of which I never had much doubt.

COWDEN-KNOWES.

O the broom, and the bonnie bonnie broom,
The broom of the Cowden-knowes;
And O sae sweet as the maiden sang
I' the bught milking her ewes.
Shall I watch the fauld wi' you, bonnie May,
Or help ye the sheep to wear?
O thy face is as fair, my very bonnie May,
As thy voice is sweet to hear.

Ride on your way, you gentle knight,
Your steed's baith stout and strong;
O what wad he do did the trumpet sound,
Wha stops for a maiden's song?
The night is misty and mirk, bonnie May,
Nor tower nor town I see;
I have tint my way, thou very bonnie May,
And wilt thou nae pity me?

Your riders gay, said the weel-faured May,
Are not yet from you far;
I hear their song as they ride along
To the halls of Lochinvar:
For I can guess by the gold on your dress,
And more by your merry ee,
That ye are the lord of the Lochinvar,
And weel may ye seem to be.

Deed no, deed no, my very bonnie May,
Ye are far mista'en o' me,
I am but ane of that lord's gentlemen,
And aft in his companie.
He has ta'en her by the waist sae jimp,
And by the grass green gown—
Ye harebells blue, wi' your heads o' dew,
What pleasure pressed ye down!

He leapt on his steed, and away he rode,
And sang 'mang the misty knowes—
O the sweetest lass, and the bonniest lass,
Is the lass that milks the ewes.
Now what has kept thee, my daughter dear,
And wha has been wi' thee?
O the lambs and ewes ran 'mang the broomy knowes,
And wad nae bught in for me.

But foul befa' your shepherd, father!
And an ill death may he dee!
For he biggit the ewe bughts sae far frae hame,
That the wild tod frighten'd me:
For there came a tod to our fauld yett,
The like ye never saw,
And ere he had taken the lamb that he took,
Ye wad rather he'd ta'en them a'.

Now it fell on a day, a sweet summer day,
The maiden was bughting her ewes,

And there rode a knight, a very gentle knight,
Down amang the broomy knowes:
O why are ye mute, my very bonnie May?
I ken ye can sing fu' sweet;
And what ails thy gown, thy grass green gown?
For the waist o' it winna meet.

O never a word said that very bonnie May,
But her tears began to rin;
Then he leaped off his steed, that very gentle knight,
And kissed her cheek and chin.
O I am the lord of the Lochinvar
Wi' a hundred knights in fee,
And my lady shall be the ae sweetest lass
In all the south countree.

This is a very popular song, and many copies of it in a rude or more polished state survive among the peasantry. There are few districts in the south of Scotland which have refrained from appropriating the hero of the tale. The love of song must have been very great among our ancestors, when they tolerated a long narrative of pastoral seduction. Yet our most tedious ballads at one time found a voice willing to warble through the meanderings of their story, and an audience delighted with the rude and unmelodious strain. I remember once an old man, who, by way of showing his satisfaction in a dinner and wine, of which he was a large partaker, proceeded to sing one of the longest of the songs of Robin Hood; he made a mistake somewhere about the twenty-

third verse, and cried, "Never mind, I can begin it again!" and wondered that some of the company thought it tedious.

All through Dumfriesshire and Galloway the hero of the song is ever Lord Lochinvar; and though the descent of the heroine has been conferred on various respectable families, according to the design or caprice of the singer, I cannot say that any one has contended for a monopoly of this dubious honour. Some of the verses which I have heard sung are very free, and seem very old:—

For I do guess, by your golden rimmed hat,
And by the silken string,
That ye are the lord of the Lochinvar,
Who beguiles all our young women.

The old chorus of Cowden-knowes certainly belongs to some song of a more plaintive character than this legendary chant:—

O the broom, the bonnie bonnie broom,
The broom of the Cowden-knowes;
I wish I were 'mang the broom again,
Milking my father's ewes.

A curious copy of the old song may be found in the Minstrelsy: the hero there is laird of the Oakland hills, "with a hundred plows and three;" and as Cowden-knowes are on the river Leader near Melrose, this Ettrick Forest copy may be the original ballad. Herd pub-

lished a very different version; and the song more than a century ago had found its way into England. The air obtained the notice of a very sweet pastoral lyrist, Crawford of Auchinames.

MAGGIE'S TOCHER.

The meal was dear short syne,
We buckled us a' thegither;
And Maggie was in her prime,
When Willie made courtship till her.
Twa pistols charg'd by guess,
To gie the courting shot;
And syne came ben the lass,
Wi' swats drawn frae the butt.
He first speir'd at the gudeman,
And syne at Giles the mither,
An' ye wad gie's a bit land,
We'd buckle us e'en thegither.

My dochter ye shall hae,
I'll gie you her by the hand;
But I'll part wi' my wife, by my faith,
Or I part wi' my land.
Your tocher it shall be good,
There's nane shall hae its maik,
The lass bound in her snood,
And Crummie wha kens her stake:

Wi' an auld bedding o' claes
Was left me by my mither,
They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,
Ye may cuddle in them thegither.

Ye speak right weel, gudeman,
But ye maun mend your hand,
And think o' modesty,
Gin ye'll no quit your land.
We are bu. young, ye ken,
And now we're gaun thegither,
A house is but and ben,
And Crummie will want her fother.
The bairns are coming on,
And they'll cry, O their mither!
We've neither pat nor pan,
But four bare legs thegither.

Your tochers be good enough,
For that ye needna fear,
Twa good stilts to the pleugh,
And ye yoursel' maun steer:
Ye shall hae twa guid pe.ks
That once were o' the tweel,
The tane to haud the groats,
The tither to haud the meal:
Wi' an auld kist made o' wands,
And that shall be your coffer,
Wi' aiken woody bands,
And that may haud your tocher.

Consider weel, gudeman,
We hae but borrow'd gear,
The horse that I ride on
Is Sandy Wilson's mare;
The saddle 's nane o' my ain,
And thae's but borrow'd boots,
And whan that I gae hame,
I maun tak to my coots;
The cloak is Geordy Watt's
That gars me look sae crouse;
Come, fill us a cog o' swats,
We'll make nae mair toom roose.

I like you weel, young lad,
For telling me sae plain,
I married when little I had
O' gear that was my ain.
A bargain it maun be,
Fye, cry on Giles the mither!
Content am I, quo' she,
E'en gar the hizzie come hither.
The bride she gaed till her bed,
The bridegroom he came till her;
The fiddler crap in at the foot,
And they a' made mirth thegither.

This very lively and humorous old song was preserved by Allan Ramsay; and it has all the marks of antiquity upon it—free language and free manners. From the account which it contains of a farmer's domestic

establishment a painter might make a good picture; and from the earnest wish of the wooer for an increase of gear, and the resolution of the old man to keep his land, we may learn that worldly wisdom was as strong among our homely ancestors as with their more polished descendants. And yet with all the closeness of the one, and the greed of the other, the poet has thrown in such a redeeming spirit of open-heartedness, that we like them, buyers and sellers of matrimonial comforts though they are. There are some lines for which a discreet poet of the present age would have found more prudent and more delicate words; and some would not have scrupled to dispossess the minstrel of a resting-place to which he might think, perhaps, his skill entitled him. But I never met with any material variations of the song: it is still, and may it long continue, a favourite among the peasantry.

MY JO JANET.

Sweet sir, for your courtesie,
When ye come by the Bass then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a keeking-glass then.
Keek into the draw-well,
Janet, Janet;
And there ye'll see your bonnie sel,
My jo Janet.

Keeking in the draw-well clear,
What if I shou'd fa' in!
Syne a' my kin will say and swear,
I drown'd mysel for sin.
Haud the better by the brae,
Janet, Janet;
Haud the better by the brae,
My jo Janet.

Good sir, for your courtesie,
Coming through Aberdeen then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pair of shoon then.
Clout the auld, the new are dear,
Janet, Janet;
Ae pair may gain ye ha'f a year,
My jo Janet.

But what if dancing on the green,
And skipping like a maukin,
If they should see my clouted shoon,
Of me they will be taukin'.
Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,
Janet, Janet;
Syne a' their fauts will no be seen,
My jo Janet.

Kind sir, for your courtesie,
When ye gae to the Cross then,

For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pacing horse then.
Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
Janet, Janet;
Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
My jo Janet.

My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,
The rock o't winna stand, sir;
To keep the temper-pin in tiff,
Employs aft my hand, sir.
Make the best o't that ye can,
Janet, Janet;
But like it never wale a man,
My jo Janet.

Most of this song is ancient, and it is inserted without any notice of its age or its origin in Ramsay's collection. It bears in many places tokens of the hand of Allan. Burns admired it so much that he imitated it; but I do not think that he has equalled the happy humour of the original. Some editors, who are fond of finding a suspicious meaning in very honest words, have omitted the last verse.

JOHN GRUMLIE.

John Grumlie swore by the light o' the moon,
And the green leafs on the tree,
That he could do more work in a day
Than his wife could do in three.
His wife rose up in the morning
Wi' cares and troubles enow—
John Grumlie bide at hame, John,
And I'll go haud the plow.

First ye maun dress your children fair,
And put them a' in their gear;
And ye maun turn the malt, John,
Or else ye'll spoil the beer:
And ye maun reel the tweel, John,
That I span yesterday;
And ye maun ca' in the hens, John,
Else they'll all lay away.

O he did dress his children fair,
And put them a' in their gear;
But he forgot to turn the malt,
And so he spoil'd the beer:
And he sang loud as he reeled the tweel
That his wife span yesterday;
But he forgot to put up the hens,
And the hens all layed away.

The hawket crummie loot down nae milk;
He kirned, nor butter gat;
And a' gade wrang, and nought gade right,
He danced with rage and grat:
Then up he ran to the head o' the knowe
Wi' mony a wave and shout—
She heard him as she heard him not,
And steered the stots about.

John Grumlie's wife came hame at e'en,
A weary wife and sad,
And burst into a laughter loud,
And laughed as she'd been mad;
While John Grumlie swore by the light o' the moon
And the green leafs on the tree,
If my wife should na win a pennie a day
She's aye have her will for me.

The resemblance of the story of honest John Grumlie to the Gude-wife of Auchtermuchty must strike every reader: but I by no means imagine it to be the original of that exquisite production. The humour is less vigorous and free, and the portrait of domestic manners and mishaps less ample and striking. It is however an old song and a favourite among the peasantry of Nithsdale, where it was formerly sung at weddings, housheatings, prentice-bindings, and other times of fixed or casual conviviality. I took it from the recitation of Mr. George Duff of Dumfries, with whose father it was a great favourite. It was once the fashion to conceal a moral or

convey a character under a name; and "Lusty Juventis" and "John Grombell," and many others of the same great families, had each their characteristic part assigned them in the old instructive moralities. Ritson imagined he saw the rudiments of the Wife of Auchtermuchty in a story in the Silva Sermonum jocundissimorum, published in 1568; and Mr. David Laing, who has obliged the lovers of old world lore with a very beautiful edition of the Scottish poem, says there is a striking similarity in many of the incidents. I know not how far this resemblance goes, but the genius which transferred it out of the peculiarities of a foreign tongue with such felicity and rustic grace into our homely dialect had a task nearly equalling original composition. In the Bannatyne Manuscripts the poem has the signature of "Mofat," and tradition ascribes it to Sir John Moffatt, one of the Pope's knights.

THERE DWALT A MAN INTO THE WEST.

There dwalt a man into the west,
And O gin he was cruel,
For on his bridal night at e'en
He gat up and grat for gruel.

They brought to him a gude sheep head,
A napkin and a towel:
Gar tak thae whim-whams far frae me,
And bring to me my gruel.

But there's nae meal in a' the house,
What will we do, my jewel?
Get up the powk and shake it out,
I winna want my gruel.
But there's nae milk in a' the house,
Nor yet a spunk o' fuel:
Gae warm it in the light o' the moon,
I winna want my gruel.

O lake-a-day for my first wife,
Wha was baith white and rosie,
She cheered me aye at e'ening fa'
Wi' something warm and cozie:
Farewell to pleasant draps o' drink,
To buttered brose and gruel;
And farewell to my first sweet wife,
My cannie Nancie Newell.

I owe whatever is curious and humorous of this ancient song to the kindness of Sir Walter Scott, from whose recitation I wrote it. Whatever is new and dull must be attributed to me, since I ventured to alter the last lines of the second verse, and to add the third. Our ancestors had a lively sense of the humorous and the

droll, since they sought and found them in many a situation and circumstance where few lyric poets of the present age would venture to seek for them. Who would now, when the stocking is thrown and the bridesmaid barred out, make the bridegroom get up and greet for gruel? Yet our forefathers laughed sometimes when we should think mirth unpolite. I remember the remains of an old song which, bequeathing its name to a popular air, still survives as a specimen of the humour of ancient days. It may still be remembered under the name of "The Bridegroom greets when the sun gangs down." Of the little left I shall give a specimen :—

It's lang till day, quo' the silly bridegroom,
I'll sit a wee while langer and clout my shoon;
I'll gie any man a hundred marks an' three
This night that wad bed wi' a bride for me.

Come in to your bride, thou silly bridegroom,
The lily white sheets they are weel spread down!

But I dare not quote any more of this lively lyric: the invitation of the bridesmaid and the answer of the bridegroom might please a less scrupulous generation, but they would make ours blush.

O'ER BOGIE.

I will awa' wi' my love,
I will awa' wi' her,
Tho' a' my kin had sworn and said,
I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.
If I can get but her consent,
I dinna care a strae;
Tho' ilka ane be discontent,
Awa' wi her I'll gae.

For now she's mistress of my heart,
And wordy of my hand,
And well I wat we shanna part
For siller or for land.
Let rakes delyte to swear and drink,
And beaus admire fine lace,
But my chief pleasure is to blink
On Betty's bonny face.

There a' the beauties do combine,
Of colour, treats, and air,
The soul that sparkles in her een
Makes her a jewel rare:
Her flowing wit gives shining life
To a' her other charms;
How bless'd I'll be when she's my wife,
And lock'd up in my arms!

There blithely will I rant and sing,
While o'er her sweets I range,
I'll cry, Your humble servant, king!
Shame fa' them that wa'd change
A kiss of Betty and a smile,
Albeit ye wad lay down
The right ye hae to Britain's isle,
And offer me ye'r crown.

The oral fragments I have collected of this song are unworthy of the popular air. "O'er Bogie" is used as a proverbial expression; those who are wedded by a magistrate instead of their parish minister make what is called an "O'er Bogie marriage," which merits and generally obtains the censure of the kirk. Some of the fragments are curious.

I'll awa' wi' my love,
I'll awa' wi' her—
Though all her kin had sworn her dead,
I'll o'er Bogie wi' her:
I'll o'er Bogie, o'er Bogie,
O'er Bogie wi' her;
She's far far o'er sweet a quean
For me to stay frae her.

From the old verses Allan Ramsay borrowed the chorus, and added the song for his collection. It was published by Thomson in 1725. The air is a great favourite. I am not so certain of the popularity of the words.

In the song of "Cauld Kale in Aberdeen," frequent allusion is made to the Reel of Bogie; but the Bogie of the old song seems a district:

I wadnae want my cogie, lass,
I wadna want my cogie:
I wadnae gie my three girr'd cog
For a' the queans in Bogie.

SIR HUGH.

Sir Hugh rode o'er the moorland brown,
And through the greenwood free,
And high o'er head a bonnie bird
Sang loud frae tree to tree:
Make haste! make haste now! good Sir Hugh,
And stir your steed mair rude;
Gin ye kenn'd wha lay in your bower,
Ye'd dip yere spurs in blude.

Sir Hugh rode through the good greenwood,
And down the moonlight river,
While o'er his head the bonnie bird
Sung louder far than ever:
Make haste! make haste now! good Sir Hugh,
And spur your courser free—
For there's a knight in thy lady's bower,
Whom she loves mair than thee.

Ye lie! ye lie! my bonnie bird,
On my true-love ye lie!
And gin ye sing that song again,
I'll shoot my shaft at thee.
Sharp is your shaft, the sweet bird sang,
But ere it leaves the string,
O! I'll have flown to a higher tree,
And louder shall I sing.

O! I was one of gorlines four,
Nursed 'neath the hollin tree;
There came a kite wi' a yellow foot,
And ate them all but me:
He looked on me wi' his big bright een,
And weighed me in his claw,
When frae Sir Hugh's bow came a shaft,
And merry I flew awa'.

O! I have wandered much on land,
And sailed far on the sea;
And the birdie that can speak and sing
Is a welcome bird to me.
O! first I ate the red witch berry,
The green buds of the beech,
And syne I drank of the fairy well,
And changed my sang to speech.

Away he rode, and the sweet bird flew,
The live long summer night;

And when he came to his lady's bower,
The east was streaked wi' light;
And loud and loud the wee bird sang—
The night dawns into day,
And he that's abed wi' another man's wife,
May wish he were weel away.

The day dawns, quo' the fause, fause knight,
The bird sings on the tree,
And the bird that can baith speak and sing
Comes for nae mirth to me.
She linked her left arm round his neck,
And syne she linked the right,
While all her bosom's drifted snaw
Was flushed with morning light.

Your hounds feed in my cellar, love,
On white bread and on gray—
Your horse stands in my stable, love,
O'er winnowed corn and hay—
Your hawk is perched on my perch-tree,
Just perching for his prey,
And ye are close wound in my twa arms—
How can ye lang for day?

The light shone on that fause knight's plume,
And on his green attire,
When he rushed through the secret porch
As fast as flashing fire.

O! I'd sung wi' a corncrake's pipe,
And flown wi' wings o' lead,
Had your sharp arrow failed to cast
A dead man from yon steed!

Many of my readers are acquainted with this ancient lyric under the name of The Bonnie Birdie, and something of a similar story is popular under the name of Little Musgrave and Lord Barnard. The Bonnie Birdie, wild and singular as it is, with a dramatic boldness about it, and much of the true feeling of Gothic romance, seems deformed by the everlasting chirrup of "O dear! gin it were day," and the senseless recurrence of "diddle," which, whatever emotions it may have excited in ancient times, has lost its power to please now, and can only be considered as a dead bough on a green tree. The account which the wondrous bird gives of itself is equally fanciful and curious in all the copies, but there is a difference far too remarkable to escape notice:

O! where was ye gotten—where was ye clecked?
My bonnie bird, tell me.
O! I was clecked in the good green wood,
In the midst o' a holly tree;
And ye came ae day and harried my nest,
And gae me to thy ladie:

Wi' good white bread and new milked milk
Ye bade her feed me oft,

And gae in her hand a simmer wand,
To ding me sindle and soft.
I got nae bread nor new milked milk,
But I got the wand full oft;—
Had her hand been kind as it was white,
Wad I telled her gude lord aught?

I have chosen to adhere to the variation retained in a recited copy, and have ventured to eke out an imperfect passage or two, that the narrative, startling and abrupt as it is, might continue connected. Poets have for a long while deprived birds of the use of speech, and have sought to communicate to their readers the romantic portions of their narratives in a less fanciful way.

I'LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.

My dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be govern'd by no other sway,
But purest monarchy;
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a synod in my heart,
And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe:
But 'gainst my batt'ries if I find
Thou storm or vex me sore,
As if thou set me as a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to share with me;
Or committees if thou erect,
Or go on such a score,
I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy love and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.

I'll serve thee in such noble ways,
As ne'er was known before;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more.

This is the composition of James Grahame, the illustrious Marquis of Montrose, and seems much more like a manifesto of his political feelings and principles than a record of ardent and romantic affection. But as John Knox preached when he wooed, so Montrose may be allowed to make a speech on the state of the nation when he wrote a song on his lady. Certainly the aristocratic principles are better adapted for the machinery of a domestic poem, full of fond attachment and singleness of heart, than those of a democracy; and the wish to reign alone, expressed by the northern hero, will be echoed, in household matters, from John o' Groat's to the Land's-end. The following have always appeared to me four noble and characteristic lines:

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

The following specimen of kirk discipline is curious, and gives us an accurate picture of a period when far more power than religion ought to possess was lodged in the hands of the pastors. It is from the session book of one of the Scottish parishes:—"Saturday, 19 Dec. 1646, Compeared James Hutcheon, mer. and confessed his

gross fault in drinking James Grahame's health: is ordained to acknowledge his offence upon his bare knees in the session-house, and pay one dollar to the poor."—On his bare knees, to brother-worms and fellow-mortals! —Well done, ye meek and humble christians of the year of grace 1646!

THE COCK LAIRD.

A Cock laird fou cadgie
With Jenny did meet,
He haws'd her, he kiss'd her,
And ca'd her his sweet.
Wilt thou gae alang
Wi' me, Jenny, Jennie?
Thouse be my ain leman,
Jo Jenny, quoth he.

If I gae alang wi' ye,
Ye mauna fail
To feast me with caddels
And good hacket-kail.
The deel's in your nicety,
Jenny, quoth he,
Mayna bannocks of bear-meal
Be better for thee?

And I maun hae pinners,
With pearling set roun,
A skirt of the puddy,
And a waistcoat of brown.
Awa with sic vanities,
Jenny, quoth he,
For kurchys and kirtles
Are fitter for thee.

My lairdship can yield me
As meikle a-year,
As had us in pottage
And good knockit bear:
But having nae tenants,
O Jenny, Jennie,
To buy aught I ne'er have
A penny, quoth he.

The Borrowstoun merchants
Will sell ye on tick,
For we maun hae braw things,
Albeit they shoud break.
When broken, frae care
The fools are set free,
When we make them lairds
In the Abbey, quoth she.

The humour of this ancient song was far broader in Allan Ramsay's days: he lessened the vulgarity, heightened the humour, and rendered it more pure and pass-

able for good company, and then put it in his Miscellany. All this seems not to have satisfied the editor of the Orpheus Caledonius, who admired the old words so much that he printed them boldly; and I have yet to learn that any critic accused him of indelicacy:—to us the words appear gross and inexcusable. One of the verses is so characteristic of female vanity, that it deserves to be restored to the text:

Gin you'd hae me look bonnie
And shine like the moon,
I maun hae katlets and patlets
And camrel-heeled shoon,
And craig-claiths and lug-babs,
And rings twa or three.
Hout! the deel's in your vanity,
Jenny, quo' he.

Those verses which differ from Ramsay's copy differ so much in an indelicate way, that I can quote no more; and they are very worthy of the oblivion which awaits them.

JOCKIE FOU AND JENNY FAIN.

Jockie fou and Jenny fain,
Jenny was nae ill to gain;
She was couthy, he was kind,—
Thus the wooer tell'd his mind:
Jenny, I'll nae mair be nice—
Gie me love at ony price;
I'll ne'er stand for red or white,
Love alane can give delight.

Ithers seek, they kenna what,
Features, carriage, and a' that;
Gie me love in her I court,
Love to love makes a' the sport:
Let love sparkle in her ee,
Let her love nae man but me,—
That's the tocher gude I prize,
There the lover's treasure lies.

Colours mingled unco fine,
Common motives lang sinsyne,
Never can engage my love—
Let my fancy first approve:
'Tis na' meat but appetite
Makes our eating a delight—
Beauty is at best deceit,
Fancy only kens nae cheat.

Who the author of this original and pithy song was, it is in vain to inquire. It first appeared in Allan Ramsay's collection, where it is marked as an old song with additions. How much is old, and how much belongs to the days of Allan, cannot be ascertained; in truth, it seems all alike old, even including the four lines which have been added by Johnson in his Museum. The song itself enters more deeply than many of its more flashy brethren into the sources of love and enjoyment.

LESLEY'S MARCH TO LONGMARSTON.

March! march! Why don't ye march?
Stand to your arms, lads! fight in good order!
Set your pikes like a wall!—level, musketeers all!
We are passing the English border.
Fight, fight, Scottishmen!
The true kirk to maintain;
Hasten your march to the call of the Commons:
When to St. Paul's we come,
We'll purge it, ilka room,
Of mitre, of bishop, of surplice, and canons.

March! march! Ye righteous ones, march!
The fair land of promise is lying before ye.
Though Tweed be in flood—through rivers of blood
We'll march, and raise the kirk in its glory.

Fight! fight!—the false Faith,
See, is gasping for breath!—
Before you is glory, behind you a halter:
To a godly psalm tune
Shall St. Paul's ring aboon,
As we stable our steeds at the foot of the altar.

When Caled, with his Moslems, shouted "Fight, fight! Paradise, Paradise!" and the Arabian youths, as they spurred regardlessly among the Roman spears, saw black-eyed maidens leaning from the clouds to convey their spirits to the whitest bosoms in paradise, they scarcely experienced a more ardent or more martial enthusiasm than that which moved our ancestors when they overthrew Charles the First and his chivalry. That the Covenanters stabled their steeds by the altar, the cathedrals of England can yet testify: it is but lately that the iron rings to which the bridles were fastened were removed from that of Lichfield. In the Lesley's March printed by Allan Ramsay I find two lines which have probably pertained to a song of the days of the Reformation.

Jocky shall wear the hood,
Jenny the sark of God.

This is a scoff which suits popery certainly better than prelacy, and Lesley knew the world too well to promise such visionary relics to his martial followers.

JOCKIE AND PEGGY.

O Jockie, lad! I am sae sick—
But marriage nought will men' me:
I've been sae oft wi' thee at e'en,
My friends they scarcely ken me.
My mother looks on me, and sighs,
For my complexion dashes;
And this, alas! has been wi' thee,
Sae late amang the rashes.

O Peggy! I'll do all I've vowed,
To free thee frae her anger;
Come, then, and let us buckle to,
And play the fool nae langer.
A gallant bridal will mend a',
And cure the country clashes;
Though wedlock makes nae softer bed
Than love made 'mang the rashes.

Now, Jockie, since thy love is true,
Let them laugh on, I'm easy—
Sae lang's I live, I ne'er shall rue
For what I've done to please ye:
I've been o'er happy to complain,
Sae weel's me on the rashes—
We've done nought but we'll do again,
And a fig for a' their clashes.

In Allan Ramsay's collection this song is introduced as old; and there can be no doubt that much of it belongs to a period far beyond his time. It is directed to be sung to the tune of "Come, kiss wi' me, and clap wi' me!" the title of an old free song, which would be a curiosity after its kind if a perfect copy could be obtained. The song, as Ramsay printed it, seems to have enjoyed the benefit of some emendations, and deserved more. The bed of rushes, of which it sings, was a favourite couch in the simpler times, when beds of brekan and beds of hay were reckoned worthy of being pressed by beauty. Our barons' halls in times of high festivity were strewn with new rushes. The song is certainly modest for the period of its composition, when licentious songs abounded, and ladies were often in a situation which marriage alone could mend. The old ballads are full of cases in point, and their story is often the detail of an intrigue.

KATH'RINE OGIE.

As walking forth to view the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain,
From flowers which grew so rarely;
I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
She shin'd, though it was foggie;
I ask'd her name: Kind Sir, she said,
My name is Kath'rine Ogie.

I stood a while, and did admire,
To see a nymph so stately;
So brisk an air there did appear
In a country-maid so neatly:
Such natural sweetness she display'd,
Like a lilie in a bogie;
Diana's self was ne'er array'd
Like this same Kath'rine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
Who sees thee, sure must prize thee;
Though thou art dress'd in robes but mean,
Yet these cannot disguise thee;
Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
Far excel any clownish rogie;
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My charming Kath'rine Ogie.

O were I but some shepherd swain!
To feed my flock beside thee,
At bughting-time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee;
I'd think myself a happier man,
With Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
Had I but Kath'rine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
And statesmen's dang'rous stations:

I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
I'd smile at conqu'ring nations:
Might I caress and still possess
This lass of whom I'm vogie;
For these are toys, and still look less,
Compar'd with Kath'rine Ogie.

But I fear the gods have not decreed
For me so fine a creature,
Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
All other works in nature.
Clouds of despair surround my love,
That are both dark and foggie:
Pity my case, ye powers above,
Else I die for Kath'rine Ogie!

Of this genuine, old, and excellent Scottish song, Burns says, in a letter to Thomson, "I agree with you that the song of Katherine Ogie is very poor stuff, and altogether unworthy of so beautiful an air. I tried to mend it, but the awkward sound, 'Ogie,' recurring so often in the rhyme, spoils every attempt at introducing sentiment into the piece." The poet wrote Highland Mary to the music—and if the imperfections of the one obliged him to compose the other, I can forgive him for speaking contemptuously of a song which possesses great merit, and has been, and will continue, popular: it is, besides, a very ancient song, and I have some suspicion that the original name was Katherine Logie. It found

its way to London, and came back deprived of the first letter of the name, and so it has remained. Ramsay, in transcribing the song, made some emendations which seem judicious; they are not many nor important. I have heard it sung many times; and its tone of genuine gaiety, and sympathy with woman's loveliness and the beauty of the season, appeared always to move the audience.

AND SAE YE'VE TREATED ME.

And sae ye've treated me,
  And sae ye've treated me;
I'll never love anither man
  Sae weel as I loved thee.
All the day I sigh,
  And all the night I weep;
And never shall I rest again
  Save in a winding sheet.

And sae ye've treated me,
  And sae ye've treated me;
O monie monie loves ye'll get,
  But nane who loves like me.
A woman's curse fa's sair,
  A woman's curse ye'll dree—
The diel put on your winding-sheet
  Three hours before ye die!

The singular and ungentle conclusion of this song is unlike that of any other lyric; but the lady may have measured her language by the nature of the injury; and a man who is faithless ought not to be pitied for the strange companion whom his mistress invokes to look to his dying moments. I found eight of the lines—the best eight—in the "Ballad Book" of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. In a quaint, sly, and curious preface, we are informed how some of these reliques were obtained. "These have been gathered from the mouths of nurses, wet and dry, singing to their babes and sucklings—dairy maids pursuing their vocation in the cow-house—and tenants' daughters while giving the lady a spinning day, whilom an anniversary tribute in Annandale. Several, too, were picked up from tailors, who were wont to reside in my father's castle, while misshaping clothes for the children and servants."

CROMLET'S LILT.

Since all thy vows, false maid,
Are blown to air,
And my poor heart betray'd
To sad despair,
Into some wilderness
My grief I will express,
And thy hard-heartedness,
O cruel fair.

Have I not graven our loves
On every tree,
In yonder spreading groves,
Though false thou be?
Was not a solemn oath
Plighted betwixt us both,
Thou thy faith, I my troth,
Constant to be?

Some gloomy place I'll find,
Some doleful shade,
Where neither sun nor wind
E'er entrance had:
Into that hollow cave,
There will I sigh and rave,
Because thou dost behave
So faithlessly.

Wild fruit shall be my meat,
I'll drink the spring,
Cold earth shall be my seat:
For covering
I'll have the starry sky
My head to canopy,
Until my soul on high
Shall spread its wing.

I'll have no funeral fire,
Nor tears for me:
No grave do I desire,
Nor obsequies:

The courteous red-breast he
With leaves will cover me,
And sing my elegy
With doleful voice.

And when a ghost I am,
I'll visit thee,
O thou deceitful dame,
Whose cruelty
Has kill'd the kindest heart
That e'er felt Cupid's dart,
And never can desert
From loving thee.

The fair Helen, on whose infidelity this song was made, was one of the thirty-one children of the laird of Ardoch, and her maternal grandfather was one of the seventeen sons of Tullibardine. She was exceedingly beautiful and of a fruitful house. Her lover, young Chisholm of Cromleck, passed into France; but by the perfidy of a confidant his letters were withheld from Helen, and tales injurious to his honour were anxiously circulated. She renounced him in disdain. The sorrow which he felt inspired this complaint; but tradition, while it preserved the lyric, contrived to wrong the author by changing his name to Cromlet —and so it remains. Meantime his treacherous friend paid his addresses to Helen; and overcome, more by the persuasion of her relatives—and they were many—than by affection, she consented and was married. When the nuptial dance was ended, and the bride

maidens had conveyed her to the bridal bed, she started back, declaring she heard the voice of Cromleck, crying, "Helen! Helen!" It might be no imaginary voice; for her lover at that moment entered the house—vindicated his faith—punished his perfidious rival—and married the lady. The song has been praised and imitated by Burns.

SCORNFU' NANCY.

Nancy s to the green wood gane,
To hear the gowdspink chatt'ring,
And Willie he has follow'd her,
To gain her love by flatt'ring:
But a' that he cou'd say or do,
She geck'd and scorned at him;
And aye when he began to woo,
She bade him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
My minny, or my auntie?
With crowdymoudy they fed me,
Langkail and rantytanty:
With bannocks of good barley-meal,
Of thae there was right plenty,
With chapped kail butter'd fu' weel;
And was not that right dainty?

Altho' my daddy was nae laird,
'Tis daffin to be vaunty,
He keepit ay a good kail-yard,
A ha'-house, and a pantry;
A guid blue bonnet on his head,
An o'erlay 'bout his craigy;
And aye until the day he died
He rade on good shanks-naigy.

Now wae and wonder on your snout,
Wad ye hae bonnie Nancy?
Wad ye compare yoursel' to me,
A docken to a tansy?
I hae a wooer o' my ain,
They ca' him souple Sandy,
And weel I wat his bonnie mou'
Is sweet as sugarcandy.

Wow, Nancy, what needs a' this din?
Do I no ken this Sandy?
I'm sure the chief o' a' his kin
Was Rab the beggar randy;
His minny Meg upo' her back
Bare baith him and his billy;
Will ye compare a nasty pack
To me, your winsome Willie?

My gutcher left a good braid-sword,
Tho' it be auld and rusty,
Yet ye may tak it on my word,
It is baith stout and trusty;

And if I can but get it drawn,
Which will be right uneasy,
I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
That he shall get a heezy.

Then Nancy turn'd her round about,
And said, Did Sandy hear ye,
Ye wadna miss to get a clout;
I ken he disna fear ye:
Sae haud your tongue and say nae mair,
Set somewhere else your fancy;
For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
Ye never shall get Nancy.

This is another admirable old song for which we are indebted to the care of Allan Ramsay. The humour is broad and natural, and there is a life and character about it which belong to an early period of Scottish song. It seems to have suggested the more modern but very exquisite song of Bess the Gawkie; and no poet of rustic manners need be ashamed to owe some of his lines to its influence. There appears an imitation of Christ's Kirk on the Green, in the second part of the first verse.

She scorned Jock, and skraipet at him,
And murgeond him wi' mokkis:
He would have luvit, she would not let him,
For all his yellow lokkis.
He cherish'd her, she bade gae chat him,
She comptit him not twa clokki

And the reason why Gillie scorned Jock, who had a short gown and yellow locks, and every thing handsome about him, was, that she loved Willie. Of Willie's personal attractions we have no account; but it is probable he could not boast of a more respectable descent than the lover of Nancy, who in his youth had been carried round the country on the back of a public mendicant, from whom he sprung.

FIENT A CRUM OF THEE SHE FÂWS.

Return hameward, my heart, again,
And bide where thou was wont to be;
Thou art a fool to suffer pain
For love of ane that loves not thee.
My heart, let be sic fantasie,
Love only where thou hast good cause;
Since scorn and liking ne'er agree,
The fient a crum of thee she faws.

To what effect should thou be thrall?
Be happy in thine ain free-will,
My heart, be not so bestial,
But ken wha does thee good or ill:
At hame with me then tarry still,
And see wha can best play their paws,
And let the filly fling her fill,
For fient a crum of thee she faws.

Though she be fair, I will not fenzie,
She's of a kind with mony mae;
For why, they are a felon menzie
That seemeth good, and are not sae.
My heart, take neither sturt nor wae
For Meg, for Marjory, or Mause,
But be thou blythe, and let her gae,
For fient a crum of thee she faws.

Because she said I took it ill,
For her depart my heart was sair,
But was beguil'd; gae where she will,
Beshrew the heart that first takes care:
But be thou merry late and air,
This is the final end and clause;
And let her feed and foully fare,
For fient a crum of thee she faws.

Ne'er dunt again within my breast,
Ne'er let her slights thy courage spill.
Nor gie a sob, although she sneest,
She's sairest paid that gets her will.
She gecks as gif I mean'd her ill,
When she glaicks paughty in her braws;
Now let her snirt and fyke her fill,
For fient a crum of thee she faws.

For this clever song we are indebted to a Muse as old as the reign of Queen Mary. It was found, I know not

where, by Allan Ramsay, and printed as an old song, and afterwards copied into many collections; but Mr. David Laing restored it to its author, Alexander Scott. The spelling is modernised, and those parts which the vicissitudes of pronunciation had rendered unmelodious have been softened, and softened too in the spirit of the original. I wish some such kind and cunning intellect would reanimate, or rather refreshen anew, some of the faded beauties of our ancient poetry. I have omitted a verse which sung of the calamities brought on the old world by the beauty or the folly of woman—of Cressid, whose life has been continued in the very spirit of Chaucer by old Henryson, and of Helen, whose charms

Brought Troy frae bliss unto bare wraas.

ETTRICK BANKS.

On Ettrick banks, in a summer's night,
At gloaming when the sheep drave hame,
I met my lassie braw and tight,
Came wading, barefoot, a' her lane:
My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
My arms about her lily neck,
And kiss'd and clapp'd her there fou lang;
My words they were na mony feck.

I said, My lassie, will ye go
To the highland hills, the Erse to learn?
I'll gi'e thee baith a cow and ewe,
When ye come to the brigg of Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
And herrings at the Broomy Law;
Chear up your heart, my bonny lass,
There's gear to win we never saw.

All day when we have wrought enough,
When winter, frosts, and snaw begin,
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
At night when you sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes and play a spring:
And thus the weary night will en',
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka fiel',
I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
And lead you to my summer-shiel.
Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
That make the kindly hearts their sport,
We'll laugh and kiss, and dance and sing,
And gar the langest day seem short.

It is singular that Burns in his notes on Scottish song has passed this beautiful pastoral without notice or com-

ment. Ramsay inserted it in his Miscellany without any mark to denote age or author: and from the place which it occupies in the collection, it seems either to have been composed or discovered after some progress had been made in the work. It seems older than the days of Allan; and from its localities, less than its spirit, we may suppose it the production of some border minstrel from the vale of Yarrow, a place fruitful in song. I have never met with a highlander of such laborious habits as the hero of the song, or one who was willing to draw a true and natural picture of homely felicity; they are all gentlemen of a romantic turn of mind, and carry themselves more loftily than he who got meal at Leith, and herrings at the Broomy Law.

JOCKIE SAID TO JEANIE.

Jockie said to Jeanie, Jeanie wilt thou do't?—
Ne'er a fit, quo' Jeanie, for my tocher good—
For my tocher good I winna marry thee.
E'en's ye like, quo' Jockie, ye may let me be.

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land eneugh;
I hae seven good owsen ganging in a pleugh—
Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lea,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha-house, a barn and a byre,
A stack afore the door, I'll make a rousing fire—
I'll make a rantin fire, and merry shall we be,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jeanie said to Jockie, gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the lad—I'll be the lass mysel.
Ye're a bonnie lad, and I'm a lassie free—
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

There was an everlasting flow of mirth and humour about our ancestors, which has come but in a scanty stream to the firesides of their descendants. They laughed in story, and they laughed in song, and gave a voice of merriment to many airs to which we have given words of sadness and sorrow. The song of Jockie and Jeanie is very old, and is printed by Allan Ramsay as a lyric the age of which was unknown. It will ever be fresh and young—for natural glee and lively humour can never grow old. It is for this reason that I love our ancient strains so much; they carry upon them the sharp fire-edge of nature and truth. Humour and pathos must ever descend to particulars, and so, in some measure, must all that is simple and great.

THE BLATHRIE O'T.

When I think on this weary warld's pelf,
And the little wee share I have o't to myself,
And how the lass that wants it is by the lads forgot,
May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't.

Jockie was the laddie that held the pleugh,
But now he's got gowd and gear eneugh,
He thinks nae mair of me that wears the plaiden coat;
May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't.

Jenny was the lassie that mucked the byre,
But now she is clad in her silken attire;
And Jockie says he loes her, and swears he's nae forgot;
May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't.

But all this shall never danton me,
Sae lang as I can keep my fancy free:
For the lad that's sae inconstant, he's not worth a groat;
May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't.

Of this excellent song there are various versions; the one of Johnson's Museum is the best, and I have followed it. Herd and Ritson found another copy in Yair's works, but it is inferior to this; yet this decided inferiority has not excluded it from our collections. Only compare the pithy complaint of the heroine with the idle words of the spurious copy.

THE JOYFUL WIDOWER.

I married with a scolding wife,
The fourteenth of November;
She made me weary of my life,
By one unruly member.
Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
And many griefs attended;
But, to my comfort be it spoke,
Now, now her din is ended.

We lived full one and twenty year
A man and wife together;
At length from me she wish'd to steer,
And went I wotna whither.
If I could guess, I do profess,
I speak it not to flatter,
Of all the women in the world
I never would come at her.

Her body is bestowed well,
A handsome grave does hide her:
I'm sure her soul is not in hell,
The deil could ne'er abide her.
I think she mounted up on high,
For in the last great thunder,
Her tongue I heard it in the sky,
Rending the clouds asunder.

I know not where Johnson got the first verse of this satiric song; the second and third verses are to be found, with some slight difference of words, in a merry old English book, called "A Banquet of Jests, or a Change of Cheare," printed in 1634. I imagine the first verse is as old as the rest; and though it was first printed in part in England, I cannot forego the claim of Scotland to it, from a circumstance of authorship so dubious. The unruly member of which the old poet sings has been celebrated by many bards, and the theme is never likely to become obsolete.

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

There dwalt a man on Crawford moor,
And John Blunt was his name;
He made gude maut, and brew'd gude ale,
And bore a wond'rous fame.
Now it fell about the Martinmas time,
And a gay time it was than,
That Johnie's wife had puddings to make,
And she boil'd them in a pan.

The wind swept cauld frae north to south,
And blew into the floor;
Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,
Get up and bar the door.

My hand is in my husewife-cap,
Gudeman, as ye may see;
If it's no barr'd this hunder years,
It's no be barr'd by me.

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
A paction firm and sure,
Whoever spoke the foremost word,
Should rise and bar the door.
Twa travellers had tint their gate,
As o'er the hills they foor,
And, airted by the line o' light,
Made straight to Johnie's door.

Now whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor?
But ne'er a word wad ane o' them speak,
For barring of the door.
And first they ate the white puddings,
And syne they ate the black:
O muckle thought our gudewife to hersel,
But ne'er a word she spake.

The young ane to the auld ane said,
"Here, man, take ye my knife,
And gang and shave the gudeman's beard,
Till I kiss the gudewife.
"But there's nae water in the house,
And what shall I do than?—

What ails ye at the pudding broo,
That's simmering in the pan?

O, up then started our gudeman,
An angry man was he—
Will ye kiss my wife afore my face,
And scaud me wi' pudding bree!
An' up an' started our gudewife,
Gae three skips on the floor,
Gudeman, ye've spoke the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door.

The residence which tradition has long assigned to Johnie Blunt and his capricious dame is on Crawford Moor; and the oral version of the ballad justifies this localization. The history of John's fireside for one night is truly a humorous one; and so much is the subject a favourite, that several versions, all composed to similar music, and recording the same whimsical occurrences, are common among the peasantry. David Herd seems to have been the first who had the good fortune to find this original and comic strain. In Johnson's Museum I find two copies, both of merit, but one of them is marked by too free a spirit for insertion here. The Scottish Muse, like Fielding the novelist, was fond of laying her scenes of drollery and humour in alehouses. The wife of Whittlecockpen was a wife of infinite glee, but of equal freedom; and the landlady who brought the kebbuck and knuckled cakes to "Andrew

and his cutty gun" was a wife who had an eye for the enjoyment of mirth and her own profit at the same time.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

The bride cam' out o' the byre,
An' O as she dighted her cheeks!
Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
An' have neither blankets nor sheets:
Have neither blankets nor sheets,
Nor scarce a coverlet too;
The bride that has a' to borrow
Has e'en right mickle ado.
Woo'd and woo'd and married,
Married and woo'd and a',
And was she nae very well off
That was woo'd and married and a'.

Out spake the bride's father,
As he cam' in frae the pleugh;
O haud your tongue, my dochter,
And ye's get gear enough;
The stirk that stands i' th' tether,
And our bra' bawsint yade,
Will carry ye hame your corn,
What wad ye be at, ye jade?

Out spake the bride's mither,
What deil needs a' this pride:
I had nae a plack in my pouch
That night I was a bride;
My gown was linsy-woolsy,
And ne'er a sark ava;
An' ye hae ribbons an' buskins,
Mae than ane or twa.

What's the matter, quo' Willie,
Tho' we be scant o' claes,
We'll creep the closer thegither,
And we'll smore a the fleas:
Simmer is coming on,
And we'll get teats o' woo,
And we'll get a lass o' our ain,
And she'll spin claiths anew.

Out spake the bride's brither,
As he cam' in wi' the kye;
Poor Willie wad ne'er hae ta'en ye
Had he kent ye as weel as I;
For ye're baith proud and saucy,
And no for a poor man's wife;
Gin I canna get a better,
Ise ne'er tak ane i' my life.

Out spake the bride's sister,
As she came in frae the byre;
O gin I were but married,
It's a' that I desire:

But we poor fouk maun live single,
And do the best we can:
I dinna care what I shou'd want,
If I cou'd but get a man.

If I am asked why Allan Ramsay omitted this excellent and ancient song in his miscellany, and why Burns passed it without notice in his notes on Scottish song, I can return no satisfactory answer. There is humour enough to have won both their hearts, and graphic delineation of old manners and old feeling, such as they both loved, and their silence is unaccountable. The song, however, keeps hold of public affection, and pleases a thousand companies, as songs full of life and glee will always do. The lamentation of the bride for her want of bridal bravery—the consolation which her father gives her—and the reproach of her mother for her idle pride, are only equalled by the spirit of accommodation in the bridegroom, by the bitter truths which the bride's brother speaks, and by the pleasant wish of her sister. Herd published the song in his collection, and it speedily won its way to universal favour.

SAW YE JOHNIE COMING

O saw ye Johnie coming, quo' she,
Saw ye Johnie coming;
O saw ye Johnie coming, quo' she,
Saw ye Johnie coming:
Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
And his doggie running, quo' she,
And his doggie running.

Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him;
Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him;
For he is a gallant lad,
And a weel-doins;
And a' the wark about the house
Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,
Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, hizzie,
What will I do wi' him?
He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
And I hae nane to gi'e him.
I hae twa sarks into my kist,
And ane o' them I'll gi'e him;
And for a merk of mair fee
Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,
Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
Weel do I lo'e him;
For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
Weel do I lo'e him.
O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him;
He'll haud the pleugh, thrash in the barn,
And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she,
And crack wi' me at e'en.

This is a very old and a very admirable song. Burns praises it for the genuine humour of the delineation: it is an unconscious humour, the humour of simplicity, always the richest and happiest. What can be better than the way in which the heroine presses on her father the succession of important duties which she expects from her lover? and what can express the delight more forcibly which his presence inspired than the declaration, that all the work she undertook went prosperously on when he was near her? Besides, he was a gallant lad, though ill provided with linen: but love finds a remedy for all things; and I hope many a maiden of our own particular times would, in such circumstances, re-echo the words of our lively heroine:—

Fee him, father, fee him,
Fee him, father, fee him;
And for a merk o' mair fee
Dinna stand wi' him.

THE FUMBLER'S RANT.

Come carls a' of fumblers ha',
And I will tell you of our fate,
Since we have married wives that's braw,
And canna please them when 'tis late:
A pint we'll take, our hearts to cheer;
What fauts we have, our wives can tell
Gar bring us in baith ale and beer,
The auldest bairn we hae's oursel.

Christ'ning of weans we are rid of,
The parish-priest 'tis he can tell,
We owe him nought but a gray groat,
The off'ring for the house we dwell.
Our bairns's tocher is a' paid,
We're masters of the gear oursel;
Let either well or wae betide,
Here's a health to a' the wives that's yell.

Our neibour's auld son and the lass,
Into the barn amang the strae,
He grips her in the dark beguess,
And after that comes meikle wae.
Repentance ay comes afterhin',
It cost the carl baith corn and rye,
We're quat of that with little din,
Sic crosses haunt nor you nor I.

Now merry, merry may we be,
  When we think on our neibour Robie,
The way the carl does, we see,
  Wi' his auld son and daughter Maggie:
Boots he maun hae, pistols, why not;
  The hussy maun hae corkit shoon:
We are na sae; gar fill the pot,
  We'll drink to a' the hours at e'en.

Here's a health to John Mackay we'll drink,
  To Hughie, Andrew, Rob, and Tam:
We'll sit and drink, we'll nod and wink,
  It is o'er soon for us to gang.
Foul fa the cock, he 'as spilt the play,
  And I do trow he's but a fool,
We'll sit a while, 'tis lang to day,
  A mirk night makes a merry yool.

Since we have met, we'll merry be,
  The foremost hame shall bear the mell;
I'll set me down, lest I be fey,
  For fear that I shou'd bear't mysel.
And I, quoth Rob, and down sat he,
  The gear shall never me outride,
We'll take a soup of the barley-brec,
  And drink to every yell fireside.

Those whose marriage-beds are unfruitful are indebted to the old poet for the happy manner in which he has suggested topics of consolation; and for

the tenderness he has shown in handling a subject equally perilous and unpleasant. I wish his humour had been more accordant with the spirit of this age; but to have abated the freedom would have spoiled the sharpness of the humour; and I thought it better to let the old poet's words remain. A much more ancient and less modest song once existed; but it has long been mute, or if living at all, it only lives here and there in the present song, which, in adopting its title, caught up a little of its manner and a few of its words. I have copied it from Allan Ramsay's collection; and I cannot help suspecting that in several places I see his ready and happy hand. Still the stamp-mark of the song is old.

BARBARA ALLAN.

It was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a-falling,
That Sir John Græme o' the west country
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down through the town,
To the place where she was dwelling,
O haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

O hooly rose she up, and came
To the place where he was lying,
And drew the curtain by, and said,
Young man, I think you're dying.

"O its I'm sick, and very very sick,
And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan.
O the better for me ye's never be,
Tho' your heart's blood were a-spilling.

O dinna ye mind, young man, she said,
When the red wine ye were fillin,
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan?

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing;
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan.

O slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him;
And sighing, said, she cou'd not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead bell knellan,
And every jow that the dead bell gied,
It cry'd, wo to Barbara Allan.

O mother, mother, make my bed,
O make it saft and narrow,
Since my love died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow.

The song of Barbara Allan is very old and very popular; and its beauty and pathos have carried it from cottage to castle, and from castle to palace. I have seen several embellished versions: but simplicity and nature resume their rights, and we return to the plain rude copy of Allan Ramsay; and by that I think we had better adhere. Never was a tale of love sorrow so simply or so soon told: yet we learn all we wish to know, and any further incidents would only encumber the narrative and impair the effect. I have often admired the ease and simplicity of the first verse, and the dramatic beauty of the second: the former tells the time, the place, the name of the hero and the heroine, and that love was the matter of the song; the latter sends a messenger to the unrelenting maiden: the simple and effectual way in which he delivers his master's message has been imitated in Hardyknute:—

The little page flew swift as dart
Flung by his master's arm;
Come down, come down, Lord Hardyknute,
And redd your king from harm.

I have heard Scarlet-town introduced by a singer as the

name of the lady's residence, and Sir John Græme of the west country changed into Jemmy Grove. Some of the English variations are very beautiful:—

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swellin',
Young Jemmye Grove on his death-bed lay
For love of Barbara Allan.

THE GYPSIE LADDIE.

The gypsies came to our good lord's gate,
And vow but they sang sweetly;
They sang sae sweet, and sae very complete,
That down came the fair lady.
And she came tripping down the stair,
Wi' a' her maids before her;
As soon as they saw her well-faur'd face,
They coost the glamour o'er her.

Gae tak frae me this gay mantile,
And bring to me a plaidie,
For if kith and kin, and a' had sworn,
I'll follow the gypsie laddie.
Yestreen I lay in a well-made bed,
And my good lord beside me:
This night I'll lie in a farmer's barn,
Whatever shall betide me.

Come to your bed, says Johny Faa,
Oh come to your bed, my deary;
For I vow and I swear, by the hilt of my sword,
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye.
I'll go to bed to my Johny Faa,
I'll go to bed to my deary;
For I vow and swear by what past yestreen,
That my lord shall nae mair come near me.

I'll make a hap to my Johnie Faa,
And I'll make a hap to my deary,
And he's get a' the coat gaes round,
And my lord shall nae mair come near me.
O when our lord came hame at een,
He speir'd for his fair lady,
The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd,
She's away with the gypsie laddie.

Gae saddle to me the black black steed,
Gae saddle and make him ready;
Before that I either eat or sleep,
I'll gae seek my fair lady.
O we were fifteen well-made men,
Altho' we were na bonny:
And we were a' put down for ane,
A fair young wanton lady.

Tradition tells the story of the wayward Countess of Cassilis the same way the poet has done, and adds that her beauty was unequalled and resistless. But Mr.

Finlay, with more zeal than success, has sought to lessen the lady's shame by knighting her lover, and by giving her the influence of early love to plead for her folly. The song attributes her frailty to the sweetness of the gypsy's song and the potency of glamour—an excuse that might pass current in earlier times: but Mr. Finlay was not satisfied with it; he makes the knight assume the dress of the gypsy, and carry away the lady towards Dunbar. The earl missed his countess, pursued the ravisher, and slew him with all his followers except one, whom he seemed to spare for the express purpose of having his own dishonour sung and set to music—for to the survivor we owe the song of the "Gypsie Laddie." I know not if any person imagines the countess less to blame since the discovery or the conjecture of Mr. Finlay; but the explanation has come too late; the world is possessed with the metrical version of her dishonour; and I see not how such a belief can be shaken.

The countess was imprisoned in the castle of Maybole, in Ayrshire; and, according to Mr. Finlay, soothed her seclusion by working the story of her seduction in tapestry, which is still preserved in Culzean Castle. If this piece of art is not a labour of fiction, it will be decisive of the story; for the lady would work her lover like a knight, or with at least some knightly attribute, if he had any right to such distinction.

O SAW YE MY FATHER?

O saw ye my father, or saw ye my mother,
Or saw ye my true love John?
I saw not your father, I saw not your mother,
But I saw your true love John.

It's now ten at night, and the stars gie nae light,
And the bells they ring ding dong;
He's met wi' some delay that causes him to stay,
But he will be here ere long.

The surly auld carl did naething but snarl,
And Johnie's face it grew red;
Yet tho' he often sigh'd he ne'er a word replied,
Till a' were asleep in bed.

Then up Johnie rose, and to the door he goes,
And gently tirled the pin;
The lassie taking tent unto the door she went,
And she open'd and let him in.

And are ye come at last! and do I hold ye fast!
And is my Johnie true?
I have nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like mysel,
Sae lang shall I like you.

Flee up, flee up, my bonnie gray cock,
And craw when it is day;
And your neck shall be like the bonnie beaten gold,
And your wings of the silver-gray.

The cock prov'd false, and untrue he was,
For he crew an hour owre soon:
The lassie thought it day when she sent her love away,
And it was but a blink of the moon.

This is a very old song. It is contained, indeed, in none of our earlier collections; but it bears too many tokens of the olden time to have its antiquity doubted. I cannot, however, help thinking that it has either been unskilfully condensed from a longer composition, or has been made from fragments which the rustic verse-maker wanted the tact to unite with that invisible cement which holds together so many disjointed members of old song. We have several variations; some aspire to speak pure English, and others revel in all the luxury of provincial licence. But none of them equal the original song in the simplicity of its language and the truth of its pictures.—We owe its preservation to David Herd.

THE BONNIE EARL OF MURRAY.

Ye highlands, and ye lowlands,
O where have ye been?
They have slain the Earl of Murray,
And have laid him on the green.
Now woe be to thee, Huntley—
And wherefore did ye sae?
I bade you bring him hame wi' you,
And forbade you him to slay.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rode at the ring;
And the bonnie Earl of Murray
Was a man to make a king:
He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the ba';
And the bonnie Earl of Murray
Was the flower among them a'.

He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the glove;
And the bonnie Earl of Murray,
Oh, he was the queen's love.
Oh, lang may his lady
Look o'er the Castle-Doun,
Ere she see the Earl of Murray
Coming sounding through the town.

James Stuart, Earl of Murray, was slain in 1592, at his house at Dunibrissel in Fife, by George Gordon, Earl of Huntley. He was a handsome and accomplished nobleman, and tradition says he had made an impression on the heart of the queen, which led to his tragic death. It appears that the queen publicly praised the looks and the gallantry of the earl; at which the king took offence. A few days afterwards a commission was given to Huntley to pursue the Earl of Bothwell, a proclaimed traitor; and under pretence of executing the royal pleasure, he basely murdered an innocent and worthy nobleman.

The Earl of Murray has a picture of his ancestor naked and pierced with wounds, which was borne about to inflame the people to revenge his death. Gordon of Buckey struck Murray on the face with his sword, and the latter said, half expiring, You have spoiled a better face than your own.

THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND.

The love that I had chosen
  Was to my heart's content;
The salt sea shall be frozen
  Before that I repent—
Repent it shall I never,
  Until the day I die;
But the lowlands of Holland
  Hae twinn'd my love and me.

My love lies in the salt sea,
And I live on the side;
Enough to break a young thing's heart
Wha lately was a bride—
Wha lately was a bonnie bride
Wi' pleasure in her ee;
But the lowlands of Holland
Hae twinn'd my love and me.

My love he sought a spicy land,
Where there is never rain;
Nor tongues of cruel kindred
To sunder us again:
Where the sugar-canes are plenty,
And the wine drops from the tree;
But the lowlands of Holland
Hae twinn'd my love and me.

My love he built a bonnie ship,
And set her on the sea,
Wi' seven score good mariners
To bear him companie:
O three score died in battle,
And three score sank at sea;
And the lowlands of Holland
Hae twinn'd my love and me.

My love he built another ship,
And set her on the faem;
He had but twenty mariners,
And all to bring her hame:

The stormy winds did roar amain,
The raging waves did rout;
And my love and his bonnie ship
Turn'd withershins about.

There shall nae mantle cross my back,
Nor comb come in my hair;
Neither shall coal or candle light
Shine in my bower mair;
Nor shall I have another love
Until the day I die:
I never loved a love but ane,
And he's drowned in the sea.

O haud yere tongue, my daughter,
Be still and be content;
There are mae lads in Galloway,
Ye need nae sair lament.
O there is nane in Galloway—
There's nane at a' for me;
For I never loved a lad but ane,
And he's drowned in the sea.

Much of this pathetic song is old; and there is a tradition in Galloway which attributes it to a young lady, who felt in her own person the sorrow she has so touchingly described. It is so old and so new—so interpolated, eked out, and amended, that little, perhaps, of the original strain remains; and what I can believe to be old seems older than the period which tradition assigns

for the date of its composition. Burns has passed the song, though it lay in his way, without notice or comment. The very imperfect and inconsistent copy in the Museum deserved his attention, and a few of his felicitous touches would have made it one of the finest songs in the language. Like all our popular lyrics, it has many variations: one copy makes the heroine believe in the existence of her lover, and go to sea in a little boat with the hope of finding him; while another version imputes his absence to witchcraft.

THE WINTER TIME IS PAST.

The winter time is past—
Sunny summer's come at last;
The little birdies sing on ilka tree—
The hearts of these are glad:
But mine is mair than sad;
For my true love has parted frae me.

The bloom upon the breer,
By the waters running clear,
May have charms for the linnet and the bee—
Their little loves are blest,
And their little hearts at rest;
But my true love is parted frae me.

My love is like yon sun,
Whose bright course is begun,
And is constant for ever and true;
While his love's like the moon
That wanders up and down,
Cold, comfortless, changing, untrue.

Oh you that are in love!—
And may it not remove—
O, I pity the pangs that you endure:
Sad knowledge makes me know
That your hearts are full of woe—
A woe that no mortal can cure.

This very tender little song is copied from the Museum; but I have used some immaterial liberties with the text, and adopted some variations presented by fugitive copies. I have never heard the author named; nor do I know that any one has ever made inquiry on the subject. The subdued sorrowfulness and the meek complaint of the fair mourner have not been felt as such excellence deserves. I expect to be told that it was written by a lady—and there are few ladies on whom it would not confer honour. If I am asked why I concede the merit of the song to the fair sex, my answer is, that man expresses sorrow less meekly, and wants that quiet composure of settled grief which characterises this lyric.

GEORDIE.

There was a battle in the north,
And it was fought right proudlie;
And they have slain Sir Charlie Hay,
And laid the wyte on Geordie.
Now he has written a lang letter—
O busk my bonnie ladie;
And haste, and come to Edinbrugh town,
And see what comes o' Geordie.

Whan first she looked the letter on,
She grew baith red and rosie;
But when she read a word or twa,
She wallow't like a lilie:
O saddle to me my gude gray steed—
My Gordons all come wi' me;
For I shall neither eat nor drink
Till my gude lord shall see me.

And soon she came to the water broad,
Nor boat nor barge was ready;
She turned her horse's head to the flood,
And swam through at Queensferry:
But when she to the presence came,
'Mang earls, high and lordlie;
There hat on head sat every man—
While hat in hand stood Geordie.

And there it stood, the fatal block;
The axe was sharp and ready:
Nor did the colour quit his cheek,
Nor was his step unsteady.
Though he was chained in fetters strang,
He looked both bold and lordlie:
O monie a gallant earl I've seen,
But neer a ane like Geordie.

That lady knelt low on her knee—
I wot both pale and wearie:—
O pardon, pardon, noble king,
And gie me back my dearie!
I have borne seven sons to my gude lord—
The seventh ne'er saw his daddie:—
O pity, pity, thou noble king!
O pity a woeful lady!

Gae bid the heading-man make haste,
The king said, stern and lordlie.
O noble king, take all that's mine—
But gie me back my Geordie.
The Gordon's gude came gathering round—
A stark band and a steady;
And ay the word among them a'
Was, Gordons keep you ready.

An old lord at the king's right hand
Says, noble king, but hear me:—
Gar her pay down five thousand pound,
And gie her back her dearie.

Some gae her merks, some gae her crowns,
And bonnet pieces many;
And she's told down five thousand pounds,
And gotten again her dearie.

She blinkit blythe in her Geordie's face,
Says, dear I've bought thee, Geordie;
But there should been bloody sarks in the court
Ere I had tint my laddie.
He claspet her by the middle sae sma,
And he kist her lips fu' ready—
The fairest flower of womankind
Is my sweet bonnie lady.

This genuine old song relates to some forgotten feud between the powerful Gordons and Hays. The third verse is restored from the recitation of Mrs. Cunningham, and is one of the finest verses in the song. The courage of the lady in braving the flood, and the appearance of her lord abiding the judgment of his peers and his king, are briefly and naturally told. The concluding verse, too, is very characteristic. The lady was alike prepared to purchase her husband's freedom by silver or by sword; and like a prudent heroine, she chose the safest way and the best. It was first printed in the Museum, from a copy supplied by Burns, which, perhaps, accounts for the excellence of the concluding verse.

HEY, HOW MY JOHNIE LAD.

Hey, how my Johnie lad,
Ye're no sae kind's ye shou'd hae been;
For gin ye're voice I had na kent,
I'm sure I couldna trust my een:
Sae weels ye might hae courted me,
And sweetly touzled me bedeen:
Hey, how my Johnie lad,
Ye're no sae kind's ye shou'd hae been.

My father, he was at the moor;
My mither, she was at the mill;
My brother, he was at the plough,
And no ane near our sport to spill:
A lug to listen was na there,
And still less fear o' being seen:
Hey, how my Johnie lad,
Ye're no sae kind's ye shou'd hae been.

Wad ony lad who lo'ed me weel
Hae left me a' my liefu' lane,
To count the minutes as they crawled,
And think life's sweetest moments gane.
I wonder what was in ye're head,
I wonder what was in ye're een:
Hey, how my Johnie lad,
Ye're no sae kind's ye shou'd hae been.

But I shall seek some other lad,
Whose love is upmost in his mind;
As gleg as light, wha has the slight
O' kenning when he shou'd be kind.
Then ye may woo wi' blinkin Bess—
For you nae mair I'll sigh and grean:
Hey, how my Johnie lad,
Ye're no sae kind's ye shou'd hae been.

To David Herd we owe the preservation of "Hey, how my Johnie lad," in whose collection it appeared in 1776. The present version seems superior to his; the humour is improved, and the smoothness and ease increased.

The heroine is a gay and lively maiden, not more than scrupulous in her choice of words, and willing to trust herself with her lover in a nocturnal interview. The lady who figured in a more ancient version of the song had equal naïveté, with less discretion of speech.

COCKPEN.

O! when she came ben she bobbit fu' law,
And when she came ben she bobbit fu' law;
And when she came ben she kiss'd Cockpen,
And syne deny'd that she did it at a'.

And was na Cockpen right saucie and a'?
He ay took the crown o' the causey and a';
To ane high-born he gae the scorn,
And dauted a collier's lassie and a'.

O! never look down, my lassie, at a',—
O! never look down, my lassie, at a'!
Thy lips are as sweet, and thy figure complete,
As the fairest lady in castle or ha'.

Though thou has nae silk nor holland sae sma',
Nor jewels to glitter in castle or ha',
Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handy wark,
And Lady Jean's sel was never sae braw.

Wi' thy hawslock coat and thy hamespun sark,
Thy looks like light and thy voice like the lark,
Thou comest along with a smile and a song—
And, sweet as dew, thou comes with the dark.

Some sensible and judicious person brushed the filth and the folly out of this song, and printed it in the Museum. I believe the original is as old as the days of Charles the Second: indeed, I am inclined to believe that the hero of the song was the facetious laird of Cockpen, the companion in arms, in humour, and in levity, of Charles himself;—they resemble each other in their love of mirth and their lack of morality. The traditional story of Cockpen is curious:—Having fought at Worcester, he followed the fortunes of Charles, and made one of his little court at the Hague, where he distinguished himself by his wit and humour, and as much by his skill in Scottish music. The favourite tune with Charles was "Brose and Butter," and in playing this Cockpen excelled. The hopes of Cockpen were high at the Restoration, but the benevolence of the king was not retrospective; those who fought and suffered were supplanted by pimps and parasites, by bucks and bullies. Cockpen sought personal interviews, wrote letters, prayers, and petitions, which were all forgotten in the obscene wit of Rochester or Buckingham, or in the smiles of the wives and daughters of his nobility. At last he hit on a happy expedient: he prevailed with the organist of the royal chapel to admit him as his assistant, and he conducted himself with equal skill and propriety till the moment the king rose to leave the church; then, instead of the usual solemn departing air, the deputy organist made the aisles ring to the profane tune of "Brose and Butter." The king sent in

haste for his organist, who came and fell on his knees, exclaiming, "Oh, my sire! it was not I."—"Thou!" said Charles, "who the fiend thinks it was thou? thou never couldst play such a tune in thy life.—Ah, Cockpen!" said the king, recognising his old companion, who knew how to time his appearance, "is this you? Come to the palace with me, and we will find something for ye to do.—But, Lord, man! I was like to dance as I came out—and I'm no sure but that I did."

THE COLLIER LADDIE.

Now where live ye, my winsome lass,
And tell me what they ca' thee?
My name, she says, is mistress Jean,
And I follow the collier laddie.
O see ye nae a' yon hills and dales,
Where the sun shines on so gaily?
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
Gin ye'll leave your collier laddie.

Though ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly,
I'd turn my back on you and it a',
And follow my collier laddie.

But ye shall gang in gay attire,
Weel buskit up sae gaudie;
And ane to wait on every hand,
Gin ye'll leave your collier laddie.

I can win sixpence in a day,
And ware't at night fu' brawlie,
And find a biel in a hamely shiel,
And daut wi' my collier laddie.
Love for love is the bargain for me,
Though the wee cot-house should haud me,
And the world before me to win my bread:
And fair fa' my collier laddie.

Though mistress Jean seems incurably fond of low company, and unwilling to forsake the vulgar joys of spending her daily wages when night comes, yet she vindicates the freedom of love with unexpected spirit and truth in the last verse, and induces us to commend her courage, though we may not commend her taste. It is indeed a blithe and hearty old song, with here and there a touch from some modern hand, to render it more acceptable to fastidious people. It was well known among the peasantry for many years before it found its way into Johnson's Museum.

FARE YE WEEL, MY AULD WIFE.

O fare ye weel, my auld wife!
Sing bum, biberry bum.
O fare ye weel, my auld wife!
Sing bum.
O fare ye weel, my auld wife,
Thou steerer up o' sturt and strife!
The maut's aboon the meal the night
Wi' some.

And fare ye weel, my pike-staff!
Sing bum, biberry bum.
And fare ye weel, my pike-staff!
Sing bum.
And fare ye weel, my pike-staff—
Nae mair with thee my wife I'll baff!
The maut's aboon the meal the night
Wi' some.

Fu' white white was her winding-sheet!
Sing bum, biberry bum.
Fu' white white was her winding-sheet!
Sing bum.
I was o'er gladsome far to greet;
I danced my lane, and sang to see't—
The maut's aboon the meal the night
Wi' some.

For all my research and anxiety, this song must still remain a fragment. I know not where David Herd, who was a capital finder of curious verses, chanced upon it; it was first printed in his collection, and transferred, with some slight alterations, into the Museum: and here it is, with the addition of a verse. It is a very singular and original chant. The hero seems intoxicated as much with joy as with liquor, and bursts out into a strain which no one has been able yet successfully to imitate.

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE.

The shepherd's wife cried o'er the knowe,
  Will ye come hame, will ye come hame?
The shepherd's wife cried o'er the knowe,
  Will ye come hame again e'en, jo?
I'll have something warm and cozie,
  If I come hame, if I come hame;
I'll hae something warm and cozie,
  Gin I come home again e'en, jo.
Yese get a cog o' plumpet porridge,
  And cream wi' them, and cream wi' them;
Yese get a cog o' plumpet porridge,
  Gin ye'll com hame again e'en, jo.
Eh, wow! that's little ado—
  I'll no come hame, I'll no come hame;
Eh, wow! that's little ado—
  I winna come hame again e'en, jo!

The shepherd's wife she shouted syne,
Will ye come hame, will ye come hame?
The shepherd's wife she shouted syne,
Will ye come hame again e'en, jo?
Have ye got something warm and cozie,
Gin I come hame, gin I come hame?
Have ye get something warm and cozie,
Gin I come hame again e'en, jo?
A reeking hen weel boil'd in the pan,
Gin ye'll come hame, gin ye'll come hame;
A reeking hen weel boiled in the pan,
Gin ye'll come hame again e'en, jo.
Eh, wow! that's little ado—
I winna come hame, I winna come hame;
Eh, wow! that's little ado—
I winna come hame again e'en, jo!

The shepherd's wife clamb up the knowe,
And shouted down, and shouted down;
The shepherd's wife cried frae the knowe,
Will ye come hame again e'en, jo?
I'll hae something sweet and cozie,
Gin I come hame, gin I come hame;
I'll hae something sweet and cozie,
Gin I come hame again e'en, jo.
A soft-made bed, and burn-bleach'd sheets,
Gin ye come hame, gin ye come hame;
A soft-made bed, and burn-bleach'd sheets,
Gin ye'll come hame again e'en, jo.

Eh, wow! that's little ado—
I winna come hame, I winna come hame;
Eh, wow! that's little ado,
To wile me hame again e'en, jo!

The shepherd's wife cried o'er the knowe,
Will ye come hame, will ye come hame?
The shepherd's wife cried o'er the knowe,
Will ye come hame again e'en, jo?
I maun hae somewhat sweet and cozie,
Gin I come hame, gin I come hame;
A wife's that leal, and a wife that's rosie,
Might wile me hame again e'en, jo.
A rosie dame in dainty linen,
Gin ye'll come home, gin ye'll come hame;
A willing dame in lily-white linen,
Gin ye'll come hame again e'en, jo.
Ha, how! that's something ado—
I'm coming hame, I'm coming hame;
Ha, how! that's something ado—
I'm coming hame again e'en, jo.

To David Herd we owe the preservation of this clever old song; but with honest David's version some necessary liberties have been taken, and some omissions made, which more readers will commend than regret. Free and particular in its description of the allurements with which the shepherd's dame sought to entice home her wayward husband, and by no means nice in the language in which her wishes were conveyed, the song

was, in less fastidious times than these, a great favourite, and became the companion of a bridal song or chant of the same character, bearing the graphic title of "Bab at the Bolster." To omit a song carrying the stamp of other days so legibly upon it could not be done in a work which exhibits the labours of the lyric Muse, from the rude and lively verses of her early days down to the more dainty and polished productions of the present time; and to republish it as the voice of tradition presented it to Herd would have been an offence against propriety and decorum.

THE CARLE OF KELLIEBURN BRAES.

There dwalt a carle on Kellieburn braes,
And he had a wife was the plague o' his days;
Ae day as the carle was hauding the plow,
Up came the devil, says, "how d'ye do?"
I've got a bad wife, sir,—that's a' my complaint,
For, saving your presence, to her you're a saint.

It's neither your colt nor your cow that I crave,
But gie me your wife, man, and her I shall have.
O welcome! most kindly, the glad carle said,
Ye'll no keep her lang, and that I'm afraid.
I'll lay baith my plow and my pettle to wad,
That if ye can match her, ye're waur than ye're ca'd.

Auld Clootie took kimmer fu' kind on his back,
And away like a pedler he trudged wi' his pack;
He came to the pit, and he shook her aboon,
Till the brass buckles melted like snow in her shoon.
The wee fiends look'd up wi' loud laughter and din,
And Cloots gae a shout and then whomel'd her in.

She dropt on her feet, and in Satan's arm-chair
She clapt herself down with so regal an air,
That the fiend-imps came round wi' a stare and a shout,
And she gae them a kick, and she lent them a clout.
On Belzebub's dog, at the door o' his den,
She frown'd—the tyke howl'd, and the carlin gaed ben.

A reekit wee devil glower'd over the wa',
O help! master, help! else she'll ruin us a'.
The deil caught the carlin wi' mickle ado,
And sought out the auld man hauding the plow:
And loudly the gray carle ranted and sang,
In troth, my friend Spunkie, ye'll no keep her lang.

In sorrow he look'd up, and saw her, and said
Ye're bringing me back my auld wife, I'm afraid;
But bide ye a blink, for the day is but young,
Hae ye mended her manners, or silenced her tongue?
Her nails are grown longer, her look has grown dourer—
Alas! wha can mend her, if ye canna cure her?

Says Satan, I vow, by the edge of my knife,
I pity the man who is tied to a wife.

I swear by the kirk, and rejoice by the bell,
That I live not in wedlock, thank Heaven! but hell:
There hae I been dwelling the maist o' my life,
But I never could thole it if I had a wife.

Burns found this very strange, wild, and singular old song, and improved its humour, increased its wit, and printed it in the Museum: still that work claims too much when it claims it as his sole production; for the song, when divested of the poet's alterations, suffers no change in nature or in story, and no great abatement in humour. Another wild version was printed by Mr. Cromek, which had much of the original song about it. Out of these two, assisted by some fugitive copies, I have tried to make a more complete version than has hitherto appeared: I have dismissed some of the verses, and omitted the idle and unmeaning chorus, which augmented the song one half without adding one word to the story, or sharpening the wit, or pointing the humour. To soothe the antiquarian, I give a verse encumbered with all the ancient honours of the chorus:

There was an auld man was hauding his plow—
Hey! and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;
By came the devil, says, "how d'ye do?"
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

CAN YE LABOUR LEA?

I fee'd a man at Martinmas
Wi' arle-pennies three,
But a' the faut I fand wi' him
He couldna labour lea.
And can ye labour lea, young man,
And can ye labour lea?
Gae back the gate ye came again,
Yese never scorn me.

What serves thae tresses' glossy black,
Bright brow and merry e'e—
That shapely foot and wanton leg,
Unless ye labour lea?
O can ye labour lea, young man,
O can ye labour lea?
Red is your cheek, and light your look,
But can ye labour lea?

O gowans grow in Feberwar,
And lilies bloom in May,
But true love is an evergreen
That lasts for ance and ay.
And can ye labour lea, young man,
And can ye labour lea?
O sweet's the drink, and soft the bed,
O' him that labours lea.

O, kissing is the key of love,
And clasping is the lock,
And making of's the best thing
That ever a lassie got.
And can ye labour lea, young man,
And can ye labour lea?
Your chin is bare, learn young, learn fair,
Sae come and labour lea.

Among the many variations of this song, some descending into grossness, others rising more into purity, but all somewhat tinctured with the freedom of olden days, it is not easy to satisfy expectation by a copy which may give the life and naïveté of all the versions. The heroine of this song is represented at a hiring-fair, discussing the qualifications of a candidate for a situation as ploughman: and as the last youth who was fee'd at Martinmas had proved unfit, the capability of the other is more anxiously inquired about. In Dumfriesshire the young men and women who wish to hire attend the fair with sprigs of broom or holly in their hat or girdle. I will not distinctly say but that to some the song conveys a different meaning than skill in ploughmanship; and this is countenanced strongly by some variations. They degenerate into vulgarity and grossness.

THE CARLES OF DYSART.

Cantie carles of Dysart,
  Merry lads of Buckhaven,
Saucie limmers of Largo,
  Bonnie lasses of Leven.
Hey ca through, ca through,
  We have little for spending;
Hey speed on, speed on,
  We have less for lending.

Some have tales for telling,
  Some have sangs for singing,
Some have pennies for spending,
  Some have pints for bringing.
Hey ca through, ca through,
  See the moon is sporting
On the seas where we
  Daily seek our fortune.

We'll have mirth and laughter,
  We that live by water;
Leave them that come after
  To spend the gear they gather.
Hey ca through, ca through,
  Maidens dinna doubt it,
There's better fish i' the sea
  Than ever yet came out o't.

This fisherman's chant is gathered together from various versions, oral and written: the one to which it is chiefly indebted is printed in Johnson's Museum—a sanctuary for many a curious verse. I am very fond of many of our snatches of maritime songs; and I feel grieved that our bards have consecrated so many battle fields with their strains and neglected the actions of our mariners. Dibdin has, indeed, sought to supply this national want, and many passages in his lyrics are worthy of the subject. But the language of Dibdin's mariners is not the language of the heroes of Camperdown and Trafalgar—it is the monotonous and vulgar slang of the watermen of London—of coarse coasters and inland bargemen.

GALLOWAY TAM.

O, Galloway Tam came here to woo.
I'd better hae gi'en him the bawsent cow,
For our lass Bess may curse and ban
The wanton wit o' Galloway Tam.
A cannie tongue and a glance fu' gleg,
A boordly back and a lordly leg,
A heart like a fox, a look like a lamb—
And these are the marks of Galloway Tam.

O, Galloway Tam came here to shear,
I'd better hae gi'en him our gude gray mare;
He kissed the gudewife and dang the gudeman,
And these are the tricks of Galloway Tam.
He owed the kirk a twalmonth's score,
And doffed his bonnet at the door:
The loon cried out, wha sung the psalm,
Room on the stool for Galloway Tam!

Ye maids of Galloway, frank and fair,
Take tent o' your hearts and something mair;
And bar your doors, your windows steek,
For he comes stealing like night and sleep:
O nought frae Tam but woe ye'll win,
He'll sing ye dumb and he'll dance ye blin';
And aff your balance he'll wile ye than,
Take tent o' the deil and Galloway Tam.

Tradition has neglected to inform us who this Gallovidian hero was, of whose prowess so many old bards have sung. I believe that he was a personage in one of our old rude dramas; and that like "Lustie Juventus" he had a characteristic part to perform. Burns heard the air, to which the song goes, played at a wedding to a kind of rustic interlude, called "The Wooing of the Maiden;" and others have heard a part of the song sung on a similar occasion. We have abundance of wandering verses belonging to this song or to the subject; some of them carry Tam to the kirk, and place

him on the repentance-stool to receive admonition: the priest speaks figuratively:—

Sir, quoth the priest, the wanton deil
Has put his birn 'boon gospel kiel,
And bound ye'r cloots in his black ban.
For mercy loos't, quo' Galloway Tam.

In our kirk-fauld we maun ye bar,
And smear your fleece wi' Calvin's tar—
And pettle and make ye a dainty lamb.
Amen! so be it, quo' Galloway Tam.

Eased of a twalmonth's graceless deeds,
He gayly doff'd his sackcloth weeds;
And 'mang the maidens he laughing cam'—
Take tent o' your hearts, quo' Galloway Tam.

There is a rude and biting satire against this "bad eminence" on which Tam was placed, called "Rome's Legacy to the Kirk of Scotland." I am no enemy to wholesome discipline: since the parish ministers dispensed with public rebuke, and took pecuniary compensation, the number of candidates for kirk censure has wofully increased.

GORDON OF BRACKLEY.

Down Dee side came Inveraye,
  Whistling and playing,
And called loud at Brackley gate
  Ere the day dawing:
Come Gordon of Brackley,
  Proud Gordon, come down;
There's a sword at your threshold
  Mair sharp than your own!

Arise, now, gay Gordon,
  His lady 'gan cry,
Look here is bold Inveraye
  Driving your kye:
How can I go, lady,
  And win them agen?
I have but ae sword,
  And rude Inveraye ten.

Arise up, my maidens,
  With roke and with fan;
How blest had I been
  Had I married a man:
Arise up, my maidens,
  Take spear and take sword—
Go milk the ewes, Gordon,
  And I will be lord.

The Gordon sprung up
With his helm on his head,
Laid his hand on his sword
And his thigh on his steed:
And he stoop'd low and said,
As he kiss'd his young dame,
There's a Gordon rides out
That will never ride hame.

There rode with fierce Inveraye
Thirty and three,
But wi' Brackley were nane
Save his brother and he:
Two gallanter Gordons
Did never blade draw;
Against swords four and thirty,
Woe is me, what are twa?

Wi' sword and wi' dagger
They rushed on him rude,
The twa gallant Gordons
Lie bathed in their blude:
Frae the source of the Dee
To the mouth of the Spey,
The Gordons mourn for him
And curse Inveraye.

O were ye at Brackley,
And what saw ye there?

Was his young widow weeping,
And tearing her hair?
I looked in at Brackley,
I looked in, and Oh,
There was mirth, there was feasting,
But nothing of woe!

As a rose bloom'd the lady,
And blithe as a bride—
As a bridegroom bold Inveraye
Smiled by her side:
Oh, she feasted him there
As she ne'er feasted lord,
While the blood of her husband
Was moist on his sword.

In her chamber she kept him
Till morning grew grey,
Through the dark woods of Brackley
She showed him the way:
Yon wild hill, she said,
Where the sun's shining on,
Is the hill of Glentanner;
Now kiss and begone.

There is grief in the cottage,
There's mirth in the ha',
For the good gallant Gordon
That's dead and awa:

To the bush comes the bud,
And the flower to the plain,
But the good and the brave
They come never again.

This pathetic lyric seems a narrative of a feud between the Farquharsons and the Gordons in 1666. Tradition paints the chief of the former as a fierce and desperate freebooter, who brought to the aid of his personal strength and prowess that very precarious auxiliary, necromancy: while the chief of the latter, drawn by a more affectionate or more delicate hand, appears a brave and gallant gentleman. Some proverbial sayings still express the fears of the peasantry for Farquharson as a freebooter and a warlock; while their affection for Gordon is abundantly displayed in the poetic way in which the story of his death is preserved. For his treacherous and inconstant lady I can find no more veritable historian than the poet; but I believe the tradition of Gordons and Farquharsons alike unite in sanctioning the accuracy of the verse. There are some rude lines which are hardly worth remembering, though I believe they are more correct than poetical, which punish the lady by the immediate scorn and desertion of her lover.

MONTGOMERY'S MATCHLESS MARGARET.

Ye lovers leal forbear to style
  Your ladies fairest of the fair;
A purer light is come on earth,
  And they maun hope to shine nae mair.
There is a gem without compare,
  The brightest e'er in crowns was set,
A lady fair, and sweet as rare,
  Montgomery's matchless Margaret.

Her better nature far excels
  Her noble birth and royal blood;
Fairest where all are fair, and full
  Of native gifts and graces good—
The wit and wale of womanhood,
  Mair sweet than roses newly wet
With thrice distilled dews—I wooed,
  But won not matchless Margaret.

O mind me, Fortune, when you rain
  Your idle crowns and sceptres down;
O Love, make me seem in her sight
  The noblest that's beneath the sun:
O lang I've loved but never won,
  And wander'd till my locks were wet
In midnight dew-drops, musing on
  My loved, my matchless Margaret.

"Montgomery's matchless Margaret" was the Lady Margaret Montgomery whose beauty the poet celebrates in a variety of lyric productions, with some happiness, and no small skill in the very ancient art of hyperbole and praise. In extracting these three verses from a song which extends to seven, I was desirous of giving an ampler specimen, but, being opposed by Pygmalion and his breathing marble, and by the judgment of Paris, I was of course compelled to court brevity as a lesser evil.

AS I CAME DOWN BY YON CASTLE WA'.

As I came down by yon castle wa',
And in by yon garden green,
O there I saw a very bonnie lass,
But the flowers bloomed us between.
My bonnie lass, my very bonnie lass,
Could ye fancy a man like me?
I would gi'e the ewes of twenty green hills
For a bonnie bonnie bride like thee.

The maiden she turned her round about,
And smiled wi' meikle scorn;
For to marry a man such as you, fair sir,
I would rather have been unborn:
The blood that's flowing along my veins
Winna mix wi' aught that's mean,

And ye're but a churl of poor Scotland,
And I might be its queen.

O speak not in scorn, my very bonnie lass,
And talk not so very very proud;
A modest tongue and a modest heart
Are higher than gentle blood:
I trust to climb a far higher tree,
And herry a far richer nest;
And take this advice frae me, bonnie lass,
Humility would set thee best.

This song was very popular in Ayrshire during the youth of Burns. It first appeared in Johnson's Museum, but like many other original lyrics in that very original collection, it was imperfect, and mixed with inferior matter. The author is unknown. The song gives utterance to the feelings of two very haughty hearts, and merits much more notice than it has ever obtained. Indeed it is of little import what the words are which are meant for public singing, if they are smooth, liquid, and melodious. The poetry is drowned in a stream of delicious music—sound puts down sense, and the science overcomes the verse.

THE MILL MILL O.

Beneath a green shade I found a fair maid
Was sleeping sound and still-o,
A-lowan wi' love my fancy did rove
Around her wi' good will-o.
Her bosom I prest, but, sunk in her rest,
She waked nae my joy to spill-o;
While kindly she slept, still closer I crept,
And loved her and loved her my fill-o.

Obliged by command in Flanders to land,
To employ my courage and skill-o,
Frae her quietly I staw, spread sails and awa',
For the wind blew fair frae the hill-o.
'Twa years brought me hame, where loud fraising fame
Told me with a voice right shrill-o,
My lass, like a fool, had mounted the stool,
Nor kend wha had done her the ill-o.

Mair fond of her charms, wi' my son in her arms,
I ferlying spiered how she fell-o;
Wi' the tear in her e'e, quo' she, may I die,
Sweet sir, gin I can tell-o.
But love gave command, I took her by the hand,
And bade a' her fears expel-o;
And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
Wha had done her the wrang mysel-o.

My bonnie sweet lass, on the gowany grass,
Beneath the Shellan-hill-o,
There I did the offence, and I'll make amends,
Afore I leave Peggy's mill-o.
O the mill mill-o, and the hill hill-o,
And the cogging o' the wheel-o:
The sack and the sieve, and a' ye maun leave
And round wi' a sodger reel-o.

The freedom of these verses is nothing to the freedom of the old song. It was the wish of Allan Ramsay to write pure words, and I am charitable enough to suppose that he believed he succeeded. The ancient strain was indeed exceedingly impure; and Allan, though he has abated the grossness, has not reclaimed the song entirely to the paths of meekness and modesty. The story, indeed, was one that required infinite skill to tell, in either prose or rhyme, to the satisfaction of the prudent and fastidious: and the direct and homely simplicity of lyric composition neglected or disdained to retire under the hypocritical veil of figure or allegory. Many may, however, love the song for its own sake—for the drowsy disposition of the heroine, whose slumbers neither the pains nor pleasures of the world were likely to disturb; and for the honest and military frankness of the hero, who seemed unwilling to let a good deed go unfathered. It is the forerunner of that beautiful lyric by Burns, "The poor but honest Soldier;" and has the merit of inspiring something infinitely more pure and poetical than itself.

AN THOU WERT MY AIN THING.

An thou wert my ain thing,
I would love thee, I would love thee;
An thou wert my ain thing,
How dearly would I love thee!

Of race divine thou need'st must be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee:
For Heaven's sake, then, favour me,
Who only live to love thee!

The gods one thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can save:
Then, for their sake, support a slave,
Who only lives to love thee.

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I love, and for your sake
What man can name I'll undertake,
So dearly do I love thee.

My passion, constant as the sun,
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done
Till fate my thread of life has spun,
Which, breathing out, I'll love thee.

This piece of exquisite flattery is very old, and appears in Ramsay's Collection marked as a song the author of which was unknown. Only observe with what art the poet seeks to win his way to the esteem of beauty and vanity! Since his love is unequalled in beauty, he supposes her divine, and then supplicates the divinity for favours whom he appears willing to clasp as a mere mortal in the concluding verses. These four verses were followed by five more in the Tea-table Miscellany, which are not written in the same spirit, and abate the impression of the others.

Like bees that suck the morning dew,
Frae flow'rs of sweetest scent and hue;
Sae wou'd I dwall upon thy mou',
And gar the gods envy me.

The song has been attributed to Ramsay. The chorus seems older than the song, and fails to mingle very happily with the rest. We have had several disputes about the origin and antiquity of the air. Mr. Tytler thinks it was composed somewhere between the Restoration and the Union, while William Thomson imagines it to be the composition of David Rizzio. There is no end to conjecture: when truth ends romance begins; and where there is no evidence, one theory can only be more reasonable than another, but not more true.

THE DEUK'S DANG O'ER MY DADDIE.

The bairns came in wi' an unco shout,
  The deuk's dang o'er my daddie!
The deil-ma-care! let him lie there,
  For he's but a daidlin bodie.
He daidles out, he daidles in,
  He daidles late an' early;
These seven lang years hae I lain by his side,
  And found him a fizzenless carlie.

O haud your tongue now, Nanse, my wife;
  O haud yere tongue now, Nansie:
I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,
  Ye wadnae been sae donsie.
I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,
  And lo'ed me late and early;
But downa do's come o'er me now,
  And troth I feel it sairly.

Though this song is given in the Museum as the work of Burns, it is in truth a very old production, and was only indebted to the pen of the poet for a few corrections, some of them tending little to lessen the impure spirit of the ancient words. I know not how it happened that this song, as well as many others which were touched here and there by the hand of Burns, came to be printed

as his by Johnson: it is likely that the publisher imagined that all the songs which Burns sent in his own hand-writing were of his composition too. I have restored the old reading in one or two places.

LADY MARY ANN.

O, lady Mary Ann look'd o'er the castle wa',
She saw three bonnie boys playing at the ba',
The youngest was fairest, the flower o' them a':
My bonnie laddie's young, but he's growing yet.

Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew,
Sweet was its smell, and bonnie was its hue,
And the longer it blossom'd the sweeter far it grew;
For the lily in the bud will be bonnier yet.

Young Charlie Cochrane was the sprout of an aik,
Bonnie and blooming, and straight was its make,
The sun took delight to shine for its sake:
It will be the pride of the forest yet.

O father, O father, an' ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year to the college yet;
And we'll plait a green ribbon to shine in his hat,
And that will let them ken he's to marry yet.

The simmer is gone, and the leaf's nae mair green,
And the days are far awa that we hae seen;
But simmer it will come, and the sun will smile agen,
For my bonnie laddie's young, but he's growing yet.

Who lady Mary Ann and who young Charlie Cochrane were, in whose praise the poet has written these sweet verses, I have never been able to learn; and the minstrel's name, a matter still more important, is sunk in similar oblivion. The second and third verses are equal in descriptive beauty to any lyric poetry: this line ought to have many admirers—

The sun took delight to shine for its sake.

KEN YE MY JOVIAL SAILOR.

Ken ye my jovial sailor?
I love him more than ever;
Though long he's been a rover
Upon the raging sea,
With foes and ocean warring,
I love him for his daring,
Before the proudest baron
Of noblest degree.

'Tis when the cannon's roaring,
O then, with spirit soaring,
He quells his foes before him
Upon the stormy sea;
And when the battle's over,
Then hame he comes, my rover,
And welcomer than ever
The dear boy to me.

An imperfect version of this pretty little song is printed in Johnson's Museum: the rhymes are unequal, and the most dexterous voice would find it a labour to give them similarity of sound. The song was a great favourite when I was a child, among the peasantry, who sung it with abundance of variations. In one of them, the heroine gave a long and minute history of her affection; and if her own assurance could be taken as evidence, she had other reasons for loving her sailor beside his bravery. The first verse stood thus:

I love my jovial sailor,
I love him more than ever,
For weel he loves the apron
That hangs below my knee.

And the version increased in frankness as it proceeded.

THE SLAVE'S LAMENT.

It was in sweet Senegal
That my foes did me enthral,
For the lands of Virginia-ginia-o;
Torn from that lovely shore,
I must never see it more,
And, alas! I am weary weary-o.

All on that charming coast
There's no bitter snow nor frost,
Like the lands of Virginia-ginia-o;
There streams forever flow,
There flowers forever blow,
And, alas! I am weary weary-o.

The burthen I must bear,
While the cruel scourge I fear
In the lands of Virginia-ginia-o,
And I think on friends most dear,
With the bitter, bitter tear,
And, alas! I am weary weary-o.

Of the author of this sweet song I can give no account. It is generally believed to be expressed in something like the simple language of that hapless race who were for so many centuries condemned by European avarice to perpetual slavery. The air too is supposed to

be of African extraction. Indeed, the slaves in the West Indies have a remarkable taste for music; and every step they take, and every task they perform, is accompanied by song.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

I bought my wife a stane o' lint
As gude as e'er did grow,
And a' that she has made o' it
Is ae poor pund o' tow.
Ae weary pund, ae stourie pund,
Ae weary pund o' tow;
I think my wife will end her life,
Before she spin her tow.

There sat a bottle in the bole
Beyond the ingle lowe,
And ay she took the tither souk,
To drouk the stourie tow.
The weary pund, the stourie pund,
The weary pund o' tow;
And ay she took the tither souk,
To drouk the stourie tow.

Quo' I, for shame, ye idle dame,
Gae spin yere tap o' tow!
She took the roke, and wi' a knock,
She broke it o'er my pow.

The weary pund, the stourie pund,
The weary pund o' tow;
By sun and moon she'll burn the town,
If ye but talk o' tow.

At length her feet, I sang to see't,
Gade foremost o'er the knowe;
And ere I wed another jaud,
I'll wallop in a tow.
The weary pund, the stourie pund,
The weary pund o' tow;
Come light and life, I've tint my wife,
And burnt the weary tow.

The Scottish ladies are never represented in our old songs as unreasonable lovers of domestic thrift; but I am afraid I must impute to machinery, rather than to satiric song, the banishment of roke and wheel and reel from most of our firesides. It was once the boast of a country-side to send a husband and a son and daughter to kirk, or market, clad in the produce of fireside industry; and rivalry in the excellence of linen and woollen cloth was as much a matter of contention between family and family, as it is now between town and town. The linsey-wolseys were oftentimes of the most beautiful fabric, and glanced in the sun like silk. A less durable, and to me a less beautiful, kind of manufacture has succeeded. I expect a spinning-wheel will soon be as much an object of wonder among the mountains of Scotland, as I have seen it in the streets of London, when placed on a cart,

and drawn along Cheapside, with a woman spinning flax: it was a source of profit to the proprietor, and astonishment to the multitude.

LASSIE LIE NEAR ME.

Lang have we parted been,
  Lassie, my dearie;
Now we are met again,
  Lassie lie near me.
Near me, near me,
  Lassie lie near me:
Lang hast thou lain thy lane,
  Lassie lie near me.

The dangers of battle, love,
  How could they fear me?
Thy wishes were with me,
  And fate wadna steer me.
Near me, near me,
  Lassie lie near me:
I woo'd thee and wedded thee,
  Lassie lie near me.

O, seven lang summers
  Thy love had to sue thee;
And, seven years banish'd,
  Again maun I woo thee?

Woo thee, woo thee;
Love, maun I woo thee?
Ay, look on thy husband, love,
Say, maun he woo thee?

When, for thy love, lassie,
Lord William he dared me,
Oh! was it not sad, that
His sharp weapon spared me?
Spared me, spared me;
Now for to see thee,
As a lark with the raven,
Thus ready to flee me?

She gave one wild look such,
As man never painted;
With a wild sob of joy,
In his bosom she fainted.
My love, O my love—
My own blessed Annie!—
Their looks were fu' tender,
Their words were nae many.

I once, and once only, heard a very old variation of this song sung, and all that I remember of it is, that the heroine welcomed her lover with many a warm and tender word, and that he was somewhat slow in discovering his mistress—a discovery, indeed, which he did not succeed in making till she reminded him of certain love passages that happened between them. A

mutilated copy found its way into Johnson's Museum; and one far from complete was introduced into the Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song. But some jacobitical bard had planted the white rose of his faction among the love sentiments. The classic reader, in the tardy recognition of her husband by the heroine, may see some resemblance to the return of the king of Ithaca to the prudent bosom of Penelope.

THE BRISK YOUNG LAD.

There came a young lad to my daddie's door,
My daddie's door, my daddie's door,
And bauldly strode he over the floor,
A coming me to woo.
And vow but he was a rare young lad,
A brisk young lad, and a fair young lad;
And gay and gallantly was he clad,
Came seeking me to woo.

Aside the fire that gayly shone,
He found me baking butter-scone;
I gae a laugh, and I gave him one
To thowe his frozen mou.

I placed him cozie upon a bink,
And gae him bread, and ale to drink;
But ne'er a blythe stime wad he blink,
Till he was warm and fou.

Ye thowless wooer, gae get ye gone—
See, that's the door, and yon's the moon;
A bonnie night for a stook o' corn,
And a chield that downa woo.

Behind the door there stood a tub,
Before the door there lay a dub,
A sappie flosh, there Cupid's cub
Fell, breadth and length, I trow.

Out came the gudeman, and laigh he louted;
Out came the gudewife, and heigh she shouted;
And a' the town neighbours gather'd about it;
And there lay he, I trow.

Then out came I and sneer'd and smiled—
Ye came to woo, but ye're a' beguiled;
Ye've fa'en in the dirt, and ye're a' defiled—
We'll hae nae mair o' you.
And O, but he was a rare young lad!
A brisk young lad, and a fair young lad!
And gay and gallantly was he clad,
Came seeking me to woo.

David Herd reclaimed this excellent old song from the stalls and the mendicants' baskets, and published it in his Collection, in 1776. The heroine is one of those mischievous maidens who, full of youth, and pride, and beauty, make matter for mirth out of honest and bashful

simplicity. Her wish to extract words from her lover by means of warm meat and drink, and her scorn of his modesty and silence, are well imagined; while his disaster in the dub, the shouting of her mother, and the wondering of the neighbours, raise it to an equality with many of our richest songs. The original copy was filled with repetitions which retarded the progress of the story, and impaired the sharpness of the humour. I hope this version will be found the best hitherto published. The author's name is unknown, and I am sorry for it.

AYE WAKIN' O.

O spring's a pleasant time!—
  Flowers of every colour—
The sweet bird builds its nest,
  And I long for my lover.
Aye wakin'-o.
  Wakin' aye and weary;
Sleep I canna get
  For thinking on my deary.

When I sleep I dream,
  When I wauk I'm eerie;
Rest I canna get
  For thinking on my dearie.

Aye wakin'-o,
  Wakin' aye and wearie:
Come, some blissful dream,
  Bring to me my dearie.

Darksome night comes down,
  A' the lave are sleepin';
I think on my kind lad,
  And blin' my e'en wi' greetin.
Aye wakin'-o,
  Wakin' aye and weary:
Hope is sweet, but ne'er
  Sae sweet as thee, my dearie.

This song is the work of several hands, and though some of it is very ancient, it has been so often touched and retouched, that it is not easy to show where the old ends, or the new commences. Most of the chorus is certainly old, and part of the second verse. One old verse casts in a spice of the ridiculous.

I sat down and wrote
  To my true love a letter;
My love canna read,
  And I love him the better.
Aye wakin'-o!
  Wakin' aye and wearie;
Sleep I canna get
  For thinking on my dearie.

Nor is this one of a grave nature:—

I went to the kirk,
My love sat afore me;
I trow my twa e'en
Tauld him a sweet story.
Aye wakin'-o!
Wakin' aye and wearie;
I thought a' the kirk
Saw me an' my dearie.

Many curious variations are current in the country, for the air is truly delicious, and the words are not unworthy of it.

LASS, GIN YE LO'E ME.

I hae laid a herring in saut—
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now?
I hae brew'd a forpit o' maut,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
I hae a calf, and I'll soon hae a cow—
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now?
I hae a stook, an' I'll soon hae a mow,
And I canna come ilka day to woo.

I hae a house upon yon moor—
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now?
Three sparrows may dance upon the floor,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.

I hae a butt, an' I hae a ben—
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now?
A penny to keep, an' a penny to spen',
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.

I hae a hen wi' a happitie leg—
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now?
That ilka day lays me an egg,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
I hae a cheese upon my shelf—
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now?
And soon wi' mites 'twill rin itself,
And I canna come ony mair to woo.

Some ingenious person imagined he discovered the rudiments of this very old song in an English lyric of the days of Henry the Eighth, but the character and incidents of the two compositions are essentially different; and this borrowing, of which the Scottish rhymer is so gravely accused, arises wholly from the resemblance of a single line. All poetry would be traced back to the song of Moses, and all architecture would be resolved into the Egyptian, on the same principle. I know not whether this catalogue of pastoral and domestic wealth won the hand of the maiden: by a later version money has crept in, as it has into all other matters of comfort or happiness.

O DEAR, MOTHER, WHAT SHALL I DO?

O dear, mother, what shall I do?
O dear, mother, what shall I do?
If I be black, I canna be lo'ed;
If I be fair, I canna be good:
And who woos ane as brown as a berry?
And wha wi' red wad mell and marry?
And if I'm lordly the lads will look by me—
O dear, mother, what shall I do?

Daft thing, doil'd thing, do as I did;
Daft thing, doil'd thing, do as I did:
The fairest bird is first forhood;
For I was black, and yet was lo'ed.
I trysted when the dew was falling,
When cats are grey and lasses willing:
The moon looked on and never minded—
A kiss o'er kind the kirk can mend it.

I found this a fragment; and in spite of all my research among lyric stores, oral and written, a fragment I must leave it. It is, however, in a more complete state than it will be found any where else. Allan Ramsay wrote a song to the air; and his verses show that he was acquainted with the old words, part of which are interwoven in the present copy. Something

of the same kind of character runs through the following uncivil and unjust satire on the ladies:—

Long and lazy, little and loud,
Fair and fickle, black and proud,
Fat and foolish, lean and sad,
Pale and peevish, red and bad.

Also in the old proverbial rhyme to the discredit of man, of which I am not sure that I can give an accurate copy:—

With a brown man break your bread;
With a red man rede your rede;
With a fair man draw your knife,
And keep a black man from your wife.

EPPIE MACNAB.

O saw ye my fairest,
My Eppie Macnab;
O saw ye my dearest,
My Eppie Macnab?
She gade down the dance,
Looked sae skeigh and askaunce,
That she had nae a glance
For her ain Jock Rab.

O come to my bosom,
My Eppie Macnab;
O come to my bosom,
My Eppie Macnab:
Yon bonnie round moon,
See, she's smiling aboon,
All to wile thee hame soon
Wi' thy ain Jock Rab.

O come now, my dearie,
My Eppie Macnab;
I'm wae and I'm weary,
My Eppie Macnab!
Gae dance on the win',
Gae loup in the linn;
For me ye'll ne'er win—
Hear ye that, Jock Rab!

O had I ne'er seen thee,
My Eppie Macnab;
O had I ne'er seen thee,
My Eppie Macnab:
O light as the air,
And fauser than fair,
Thou'lt never see mair
O' thy ain Jock Rab.

I am afraid Jock Rab is not yet wholly reclaimed into the circle of sense and discretion. A wild song of the same name was once well known among the peasantry;

it was tamed down into something approaching to respectability for the Museum: the name was retained, with as much of the original rant as was worthy of preservation. Burns observes, "The old song with this title has more wit than decency." There is something so truly whimsical and comic in many of the fragments of our old songs, that he who would restore them in their own spirit must be as largely endowed with eccentricity as with genius.

MY LOVE, SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

My love, she's but a lassie yet,
My love, she's but a lassie yet;
I'll let her stand a year or twa,
She'll no be half sae saucy yet:
I rue the day I sought her-o,
I rue the day I sought her-o;
Wha gets her, needna say he's woo'd,
But he may say he's bought her-o.

My love, she's but a lassie yet,
My love, she's but a lassie yet—
When she's drap-ripe, she's theirs that like,
She'll no be half so saucy yet.

Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
Gae seek for pleasure where ye will—
But here I never miss'd it yet.

We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
The parson kissed the piper's wife,
And couldna preach for thinking o't.
And yon's the moon that's moving-o,
The hour for maidens loving-o;
But madam moon, till this is done,
I'll gang nae mair a roving-o.

The old and the new parts of this little merry song are not very happily united; and yet capriciously as they are mingled, they tell a coherent story of a man who was driven by unsuccessful love into very curious company. The first four lines seem a part of a very different song from the verse which signalizes the kindness of the piper's wife. I have heard several other verses of the same nature; but aptly as such fragments would assist in illustrating their companions, I must leave them in their traditional obscurity.—What is old and clever is not always delicate.

AS I WAS A-ROAMING.

As I was a-roaming yestreen in the gloaming,
The pipers played sweet, and the maidens were fain;
Amang them I saw him, my faithless fause lover,
Which bled a' the wounds of my bosom again.
Since I maun be waefu'—O may he be joyfu'—
He'll see my green grave ere he see me complain;
I've had but ae lover, I'll ne'er have another—
O! true love's like time, for it comes not again.

I couldna get sleeping till dawing, for weeping—
My tears they came down like the hail or the rain:
Had it not been for weeping my heart would hae broken;
For, Oh! love forsaken's a tormenting pain.
Be his the full measure of gladness and pleasure,
His life dance as gay as the sun in the stream;
And let me go down to the deep grave in sorrow—
None can say I've been false or been faithless to him.

In the Museum this song is very corrupt and unequal; yet with all its imperfections, it has something about it exceedingly touching and mournful. The present version is smoother and more uniform. Like many other of our songs, the conception is much superior to the execution. Unequal rhymes, unmelodious words,

and ungraceful language, are complaints which might often be made, and yet be unfelt—such is the influence of original thought and spirit.

DONALD COUPER.

Hey Donald, how Donald,
Hey Donald Couper!
Ye gade away to wale a wife,
And yet came hame without her.
The brown wadnae hae thee,
The black they werena sonsie;
And the white they laughed and cried—
I think the bodie's donsie.

Hey Donald, how Donald,
Hey Donald Couper!
Gif wives like birds were catching rife,
I trow ye couldna grup her.
At length he caught a carlin gray,
And she came hirplin' hame, man;
And Donald he's as daft o' her
As a ripe rosie dame, man.

The poet who wrote Donald Couper was surely a most singular mortal. In the original words one would

willingly find a meaning; but the whole is so will-o-wispish, as to tantalize conjecture without any appearance of ever gratifying it. I have endeavoured to infuse something of an aim into it; yet I have no belief that I have at all fulfilled the wishes of the old author, who seems to have had a knack at pleasing without meaning any thing. The old words were published by Herd, and trimmed up a little for Johnson's Museum.

I LOVE MY LOVE IN SECRET.

My love gave me a gowden ring
All shining o'er wi' diamonds fine;
But I gave him a better thing—
This saft and honest heart o' mine.
My Willie-o, and my Willie-o,
My bonnie bonnie Willie-o;
The love that I owe I mayna weel show—
I'll love him in secret my Willie-o.

The stars had all begun to shine,
The moon was rising o'er the hill;
My lover laid his cheek to mine—
Of love it's sweet to hae ane's fill—

And he had his, my Willie-o,
My winsome handsome Willie-o;
The love that I owe I soon maun show,
I hae been sae kind to my Willie-o!

The idea, and some of the lines of "I love my love" are old; but the old bard had been less choice in his language, and induced the heroine to make more revelations, than seemed necessary. In excluding the chaff, care has been taken of the corn; but had the whole been blown away in the winnowing, we might have sustained a more serious loss.

O MERRIE HAE I BEEN.

O merrie hae I been teething a heckle,
And merrie hae I been shaping a spoon;
O merrie hae I been clouting a kettle,
And kissing my kimmer when a' was done.
O a' the lang day I ca'd at my hammer,
And a' the lang day I whistled and sang;
And a' the lang night I cuddled my kimmer—
December's mirk night was mair happy than lang.

O bitter in dool I lickit my winnins—
I married a lass, and she made me a slave:

Blest be the hour that she cooled in her linens,
And blythe be the birdie that sings on her grave.
But come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie—
O come to my arms and kiss me again:
In sadness or soberness, here's to thee, Katie,
And blest be the day that I did it again.

The varied presentment of manners, and customs, and character which our lyrics possess, is one great source of the pleasure they give; and though some of them are more graphic than graceful, and more sprightly than polished—still they are welcome while they reflect truth and nature. The present song comes from the lips of one of those wandering mendicants who, under pretence of clouting kettles, soldering saucepans, repairing china and making horn spoons, levy a heavy contribution on henroosts and superfluous linen.

EPPIE ADAIR.

An' O my Eppie—
My jewel, my Eppie,
Wha wadna be happy
Wi' Eppie Adair?
By love and by beauty,
By law and by duty,
I swear to be true to
My Eppie Adair.

An' O, my fair one,
My gentle, my rare one—
My heart is a sair one,
O'erladen wi' care:
Frae pleasure exile me,
Dishonour defile me,
If e'er I beguile thee,
My Eppie Adair.

This little hasty happy song is mostly to be found in Johnson's Museum. It seems at once both old and new; and it is more than probable that the name and idea of the song have some claim to antiquity. I see, or imagine I see, more lyrical genius in such rough and sketchy things, than in far more polished and elaborate compositions.

THE WAKERIFE MINNIE.

Where are ye gaun, my bonnie lass?
Where are ye gaun, my hinnie?
Right saucelie she answered me,
An errand for my minnie.
O where live ye, my bonnie lass?
An' where live ye, my hinnie?
In yon green glen, gin ye maun ken,
In a wee house wi' my minnie.

But I held up the glen at e'en:
To see my bonnie lassie;
And lang before the gray morn cam'
She wasna half sae saucie.
O weary fa' the wakerife cock—
May the foumart lay his crawing!
He wakened the auld wife frae her sleep
A wee blink ere the dawing.

An angry wife I wat she rase,
And o'er the bed she brought her;
And wi' her tongue and hazel rung
She made her a weel paid daughter.
Now fare thee weel, my bonnie lass,
And fare thee weel, my hinnie;
Thou art a sweet and a kindlie queen,
But thou hast a wakerife minnie.

Burns says he picked up this song from a country girl in Nithsdale, and never met with either it or the air to which it is sung elsewhere in Scotland. I have heard it often sung in my youth, and sung with curious and numerous variations. One verse contained a lively image of maternal solicitude, and of the lover's impudence and presence of mind. The cock had crowed, and

Up banged the wife to blow the coal,
To see gif she could ken me—

I dang the auld wife in the fire,
And gaur'd my feet defend me.

Another verse, the concluding one, made the lover sing as he went down the glen—

O though thy hair were hanks o' gowd,
And thy lips o' drapping hinnie;
Thou hast got the clod that winna cling,
For a' thy wakerife minnie.

I believe it to be a very old song—and I feel it to be a very clever one. There is much life and rustic ease in the dialogue; and the lover's exclamation—

O weary fa' the wakerife cock,
May the foumart lay his crawin!

is particularly happy. It has been imputed to Burns, and is every way worthy of him; but it was well known on the Nith long before the great poet came to dwell on its banks. I have often heard the person sing it from whose lips Burns wrote it down.

SANDY O'ER THE LEA.

I winna marry ony man
  But Sandy o'er the lea;
I winna hae the dominie,
  Though monie gifts has he:
But I will hae my Sandy lad,
  My Sandy o'er the lea;
For he's aye a kiss—kissing,
  And he winna let me be.

I winna hae the minister,
  For a' his godly looks;
I winna hae the lawyer,
  For a' his wily crooks;
Nor will I wed the plowman lad—
  Nor yet the dusty miller:
But I will take my Sandy lad
  Without a penny siller.

I winna wed the sodger lad,
  For he gangs to the war;
I winna wed the sailor lad,
  Because he smells o' tar.
O true love's like the morning light,
  It's presence wha can fee!—
Sae I will hae my Sandy lad,
  My Sandy o'er the lea.

"Sandy o'er the Lea" is one of those compositions which the Muses of the south and the north have agreed to amend, repair, parody, and vary till all marks of nationality are effaced, and every attempt to localize it is confounded. I have no doubt, however, that the original groundwork of the song is Scottish. I have seen, indeed, a song of a much older stamp, and I may add, of a far grosser character than this; and I believe, as they have many lines in common, that the ruder version is the oldest. It was decidedly of Scottish growth, and the name which it bore was, "He's aye kissing me." It came from the lips of the heroine herself, and she described Sandy as a most attentive and laborious lover.

KISS'D YESTREEN.

And O as I was kiss'd yestreen,
And O as I was kiss'd yestreen!—
I'll never forget till the day I die
The monie braw kisses his grace gae me.
My mother was sleeping, my father was out,
And I was my lane when in came the duke—
O gentle, and gay, and gallant was he;
And sweet were the kisses his grace gae me.

And O as I was kiss'd yestreen,
And dauted like an eastern queen—

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He doff'd his bonnet and bent his knee,
And mony braw kisses his grace gae me.
He's straight, and tall, and born for rule,
And fills my thoughts frae Yule to Yule.
I'll never forget, nor yet forgie,
If he comes nae back to daut wi' me.

This characteristic strain is said to have been composed on an adventure which one of the dukes of Argyle had in Glasgow; but this cannot well be, for some of the lines are as old as the days of Charles the First; and, surely, no one will charge on the grave Argyle of those stormy and unhappy times any of the condescension ascribed in the song. He was a person of a sterner stamp. Some variations of the ditty are more gross than humorous—I may find a quotable specimen:—

Kiss'd yestreen, and kiss'd yestreen,
Up the Gallowgate, down the Green:
I've woo'd wi' lords, and woo'd wi' lairds,
I've mool'd wi' carles and melled wi' cairds,
I've kiss'd wi' priests—'twas done i' the dark,
Twice in my gown and thrice in my sark;
But priest, nor lord, nor loon can gie
Sic kindly kisses as he gae me.

Who this lively and condescending lady was, tradition has failed to inform us.

O AN YE WERE DEAD, GUDEMAN.

O an ye were dead, gudeman,
A green turf on your head, gudeman,
I would bestow my widowhood
Upon a ranting highlandman.

Your e'en are dim, your brow is bald,
Your joints are stiff, your blood is cauld;
I nourish ye wi' the spoon and pan,
Wae's me you're no John Highlandman.

There's sax eggs in the pot, gudeman,
There's sax eggs in the pot, gudeman;
There's ane to thee, and twa to me,
And three for my John Highlandman.

A sheep's head's on the fire, gudeman,
A sheep's head's on the fire, gudeman;
The broo to me, the horns for thee,
And the flesh for blythe John Highlandman.

To see us lie the dead wad laugh,
Thee twa-fauld, wi' a barking cough,
And me like to a rose new blawn
Wi' dreams o' my John Highlandman.

O an ye were dead, gudeman,
A green sod on your head, gudeman,
I wad bestow my widowhood
Upon a ranting highlandman.

This old song has been pruned and amended by various hands since the time that Wedderburn denounced it as graceless and profane, and sought to supplant it by a more godly strain, of which I can scarcely find a single verse that merits to be saved from oblivion:—

For our gudeman in heaven does ryng,
In glore and bliss without ending;
Quhere angels singis ever Osan,
In laude and praise of our gudeman.

Sibbald, indeed, supposes this religious chant to be a parody on the popular song of the "Auld Gudeman:" but it seems much more likely to have been written against the seductive song of this wicked wife, who prefers, with so little delicacy, a brawny highlander to her feeble husband.—I might swell this note with additional verses of this once popular lyric—they make the heroine go on devising her husband's property in the same discreet and equitable way, but they are not worthy of room.

MY WIFE SHE'S TAEN THE GEE.

A friend of mine came here yestreen,
And he wou'd hae me down
To drink a bottle of ale wi' him
In the neist burrows town.
But, O! indeed it was, sir,
Sae far the waur for me;
For lang or e'er that I came hame
My wife had ta'en the gee.

We sat sae late, and drank sae stout,
The truth I tell to you,
That e'er the middle o' the night,
We were a' roaring fou.
My wife sits at the fire-side,
And the tears blinds aye her e'e,
The ne'er a bed will she gae to,
But sit and tak the gee.

In the morning soon, when I came down,
The ne'er a word she spak,
But monie a sad and sour look,
And aye her head she'd shake:
My dear, quoth I, what aileth thee,
To look sae sour on me?
I'll never do the like again,
If ye'll ne'er tak the gee.

When that she heard, she ran, she flang
Her arms about my neck;
And twenty kisses in a crack,
And, poor wee thing, she grat.
If ye'll ne'er do the like again,
But bide at hame wi' me,
I'll lay my life Ise be the wife
That's never tak the gee.

This is not a very old song, but it has much of the original pith of other days about it. It appears in no collection earlier than 1769; but David Herd forbears to mention where he found it. If the author was inspired by his own experience, he was a fortunate man in possessing such meekness of mind, and lucky in having a wife so readily appeased and so forgiving. It is seldom that transgressions against household rules, and the awful majesty of woman's sway, are so pleasantly settled; and I imagine much of the popularity of the song arises from a wish on the part of husbands to hold it up as a lesson to the ladies to imitate the gentle heroine of the song. The story is so well told, so satisfactory, and so complete, that no one has ventured to intrude a variation upon it, or add a verse. The name of the author is unknown.

WAS I TO BLAME, SHE BADE ME?

Was I to blame, was I to blame,
Was I to blame, she bade me?
She watched me by the highway side,
And through the wood she shaw'd me:
And when I wadna venture in,
A cowardly loon she ca'd me;
Had kirk and state stood in the gate,
I lighted when she bade me.

Sae craftily she took me ben,
And bade me make nae clatter,
For our ramgunsheuch glum gudeman
Is out and o'er the water.
Whae'er shall say I wanted grace
When I did woo and daut her,
Let him be planted in my place,
Syne say I was the fautor.

Could I for shame, could I for shame,
For burning shame refused her?
And wadna manhood been to blame
Had I unkindly used her?
He clawed her wi' a rippling kame,
And blue and bluidy bruised her;
When sic a husband was frae hame,
What wife but wad excused her?

I dighted ay her e'en sae blue,
And bann'd the cruel randy;
And weel I wat her willing mou
Was sweet as sugar-candy.
A gloaming-shot it was I wot,
I lighted on the monday,
But I came thro' the tuesday dew
To Wanton Willie's brandy.

To those who know not the old licentious verses from which this song is extracted, it may appear bordering on the free and the indecorous. But the grossness of the ancient song, if not wholly overcome, has been so sensibly lessened as to make the present version worthy of a work which, while it excludes vulgar indelicacy and unrestrained licentiousness, must not be shut against old lyrics conceived in a freer or a warmer vein than some may think discreet. This version, with a few slight amendments, is copied from the Museum, where it bears the signature of "Z." Burns says, "The songs marked Z. in the Museum, I have given to the world as old verses to their respective tunes; but, in fact, of a good many of them little more than the chorus is ancient."

HER DADDIE FORBADE.

Her daddie forbade, her minnie forbade,
Forbidden she wadna be;
She never trowed the browst she brewed
Would taste sae bitterlie.
O mickle sorrow was in her heart,
And a bairnie on her knee,
For Jumpin John, the piper's son,
Beguiled the bonnie lassie.

A calf and a cow, a lamb and ewe,
And thirty good shillings and three;
A very good tocher, sae marry my dochter,
A lass wi' a bonnie black e'e.
Her e'e laughed mair than laughed her lip,
And the bairn laughed on her knee,
And Jumpin John, the piper's son,
He married the bonnie lassie.

There is something so fresh and life-like in our old and rude songs, that I very willingly take some pains to collate and correct and prepare them, so that they may be rendered more acceptable to the general readers of lyric verse. This song is a portion or variation rather of an old humorous ballad, part of which was sent with some corrections to the Museum; but much remained to be amended, and much remains yet.

DUNCAN GRAY.

Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray
  Ha, ha, the girdin' o't;
Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray,
  Ha, ha, the girdin' o't;
When a' the lave gae to their play,
Then I maun sit the lee-lang day,
An' jeeg the cradle wi' my tae,
  An' a' for the girdin' o't.

Bonnie was the Lammas moon,
  Ha, ha, the girdin' o't,
Glowrin' a' the hills aboon—
  Ha, ha, the girdin' o't;
The girdin' brak, the beast cam' down,
I tint my curch an' baith my shoon—
Ah! Duncan, ye're an unco loon,
  Wae on the bad girdin' o't.

But, Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,
  Ha, ha, the girdin' o't,
I'll bless you wi' my hindmost breath,
  Ha, ha, the girdin' o't.
Duncan, gin' ye'll keep your aith,
The beast again can bear us baith,
An' auld Mess John will cure the skaith,
  An' mend the bad girdin' o't.

Burns found this old song in a rude and unattractive state, and he trimmed it and eked it out till it became a favourite. His own inimitable song of the same name has now displaced it in popular esteem. Our ancestors sung and talked of love adventures and mishaps with an ingenuous freedom unknown to their descendants. The complaint of the maiden against the frail furniture of the horse, and the advantage which Duncan seems to have taken of her situation, are related with some naïveté and delicacy. She rocked the cradle so pleasantly that I hope her lover rewarded her mirth by marriage.

WHEN I AM FRAE MY DEARIE.

How long and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie!
I sleepless lie frae e'en to morn,
Though I were ne'er sae wearie;
But pleasure makes each hour its ain,
When I am wi' my dearie.

When I think on the happy hours
I spent wi' thee, my dearie;
And now what seas atween us rowe,
Sae pathless and sae drearie,
And thy glad looks far from my sight,
How can I be but eerie?

O, simmer comes, and I am sad,
And winter makes me eerie—
How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and wearie—
It was nae sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie.

Much of this tender little lyric is old; and some of it is the composition of Burns. The four concluding lines are from his pen, and their ease and their truth must be felt by all. Instead of the repetition which the example of Johnson's Museum recommends, I have ventured to write two fresh lines for each verse, to continue the sense and the story so as to suit the air.

THENIEL MENZIES' BONNIE MARY.

In coming by the brig of Dye,
At Darlet we a blink did tarry:
As day was dying in the sky
We drank a health to bonnie Mary.
Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary,
Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary—
Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
Wooing Theniel's bonnie Mary.

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,
Her haffet locks as brown's a berry,
And ay they dimpled wi' a smile
The rosie cheeks o' bonnie Mary.
Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary,
Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary;
She charm'd my heart and my twa een,
Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary.

We lap and danced the lee-lang night,
Till piper lads were wan and weary;
Yet rosie as the rising sun
Was Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary.
Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary,
Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary—
O, sweet as light, and kind as night,
Was Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary.

This is one of the many songs communicated by Burns to the Museum, and to which, like Allan Ramsay, he added a mark, denoting it to be an old song with alterations or additions. How much of "Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary" is old, and how much of it is new, the poet has rendered it difficult to determine by the skill and happiness with which he has united the old with his own. Of Charlie Gregor I can give no account; and of Theniel Menzies' daughter I know as little.—Family pride feels no gratification in associating itself with the unscrupling heroine of a merry song.

TO THE WEAVERS GIN YE GO.

My heart was ance as blythe an' free
As simmer days are lang;
But a bonnie westlan weaver lad
Soon gaur'd me change my sang.
My mother sent me up the gate
To warp a plaiden web,
But the weary weary warpin' o't
Has gart me sigh and sab.
To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids,
To the weavers gin ye go,
I rede ye right gang ne'er at night,
To the weavers gin ye go.

A merry westlan weaver lad
Sat working at his loom,
He caught my heart as wi' a net,
In every thread and thrum.
I sat aside my warping-wheel,
And aye I ca'd it roun',
But every shot and every knock,
My heart it ga'e a stoun.
To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids,
To the weavers gin ye go,
Take light o' noon, trust not the moon,
To the weavers gin ye go.

The moon was sinking in the west,
With visage pale and wan,
As my bonnie westlan weaver lad
Convoyed me through the glen:
And what was said, and what was done,
I winna, mauna tell,
But sair I fear the country soon
Will ken as weel's mysel.
To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids,
To the weavers gin ye go,
Take light o' noon, trust not the moon,
To the weavers gin ye go.

Ease of expression and readiness of language will secure this song a place in any collection. The chorus is part of an old and less discreet song. I think I can discover yet in the remains of our ancient lyrics that each trade or calling had songs in their praise or their scorn: "The Blacksmith and his Apron"—"The Mason's Apron"—"The Tailor fell through the bed, thimbles and a'"—and various others, are still popular. To Burns we are indebted for all that merits notice in this song; in his notes he apologises for its imperfections: "Many of the beautiful airs wanted words. In the hurry of other avocations, if I could string rhymes together any thing near tolerable, I was fain to let them pass. He must be an excellent poet whose every performance is excellent."

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

I am my mammy's ae bairn,
  Wi' unco folk I weary, sir,
And lying in a man's bed,
  I'm fley'd it make me eerie, sir.
    I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
      I'm o'er young to marry yet;
    I'm sae young, 'twad be a sin
      To take me frae my mammy yet.

Hallowmass is come and gane,
  The nights are lang in winter, sir;
And you and I in ae bed,
  In trouth, I dare na venture, sir.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
  Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, sir;
But if ye come this gate again,
  I'll aulder be gin simmer, sir.

"The chorus," says Burns, "of this song is old; the rest of it, such as it is, is mine." It was one of the poet's contributions to the Musical Museum; and like all that he touched or wrote carries on it the stamp of his original spirit. The old song is much inferior, and is gross without the life, and indecorous without the naïveté of this little, hasty, clever, and imperfect thing.

DUNCAN DAVISON.

There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
And she held o'er the moor to spin;
There was a lad wha followed her,
They ca'd him Duncan Davison:
The moor was dreigh, and Meg was skeigh,
Her favour Duncan couldna win;
For wi' the roke she shored to knock,
And ay she shook the temper-pin.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
A burn ran clear, a glen was green,
Upon the banks they eased their shanks,
And ay she set the wheel between;
But Duncan swore a holy aith
That Meg should be a bride the morn—
Then she took up her spinning graith,
And flang it a' out o'er the burn.

We'll big a house, a wee wee house,
And we shall live like king and queen—
Sae blythe and merry's we will be,
When we set by the wheel at e'en.
A man may drink, and no be drunk;
A man may fight, and no be slain;—
A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
And ay be welcome back again.

The old song of "Ye'll ay be welcome back again," which assisted Burns in composing this very free and humorous lyric, was inferior both in mirth and decency. There is, however, another version of Duncan Davison, which I would rather describe than quote, that contributed several lines to the present song; and any one who knows it will feel that he who extracted the spirit, without the indelicacy, accomplished a very difficult task.—The grossness indeed fairly exceeds the humour. I am not without fear that this song may be looked upon with suspicion, since it has lines in common with its impure namesake; but many a beautiful song might become outcast upon the same suspicion, for a good spirit seems to have made one version, and an evil spirit another, of many of our lyrics, ancient and modern.

WHAT WILL I DO GIN MY HOGGIE DIE.

What will I do gin my hoggie die?—
My joy, my pride, my hoggie;
My only beast, I had nae mae,
And vow but I was vogie.
The lee-lang night we watched the fauld,
Me and my faithfu' doggie;
We heard nought but the roaring linn,
Amang the braes sae scroggie.

The howlet cried frae the castle wa',
The blitter frae the boggie,
The tod reply'd upon the hill—
I trembled for my hoggie:
When day did daw and cocks did craw,
The morning it was foggie;
An unco tyke lap oure the dyke,
And maist has killed my hoggie.

"It happened," says Burns, "that some gentlemen who were riding a few years ago through Liddesdale stopped at a hamlet, consisting of a few houses, called Mosspaul, when they were struck with this tune, which an old woman, spinning on her roke at her door, sat singing. All that she could tell concerning it was, that she learned it when a child, and that it was called 'What will I do gin my Hoggie die.' No person except a few females at Mosspaul knew this fine old tune, which in all probability would have been lost had not one of the gentlemen taken it down."

The song has been attributed to Burns; and I question not but that some of it is his. When the old Liddesdale woman sung the air, she sung words also, and Mr. Clarke, who copied her music, forgot not the language which expressed it. I have no wish to deprive Burns of what can be honestly conceded to him; but it follows not that every song which he copied he composed also. It is but fair to say, that the oldest copy I have seen of the song is that in Johnson's Museum.

TO DAUNTON ME.

The blood-red rose at Yule may blaw,
The simmer lilies bloom in snaw,
The frost may freeze the deepest sea,
But an auld man shall never daunton me.
To daunton ane sae soft and young,
Wi' his cauld heart and flattering tongue—
O plums may grow on a pear-tree,
But an auld man shall never daunton me.

For a' his meal, for a' his maut,
For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
For a' his white and red monie,
An auld man shall never daunton me.
To daunton ane sae young and fair,
Wi' his head grown aboon his hair,
And in his lug a buzzing bee,
The auld man that wad daunton me.

His gear may buy him kye and ewes,
His gear may buy him glens and knowes,
But me he shall not buy nor fee,
For an auld man shall never daunton me.
Can gowd hang charms upon his tongue,
And make him rash, and yauld, and young,
With warmer blood and a brighter ee,
The auld man that wad daunton me?

He hirples twa-fauld as he dow,
Wi' his toothless gab and his auld beld pow—
And the rain dreeps down frae his bleared ee,
The auld man that wad daunton me.
Oh! yonder he comes, slow moving on,
Wi' many a cough and many a groan,—
The grave-worm looks frae the kirkyard stones,
And reckons the time it shall pick his bones.

Much of this song is very old. The air and some of the lines were pressed into the service of the house of Stuart. The love and solicitation of opulent old age for youth and beauty was a favourite theme with our early bards; and, true to the nature of woman, the ancient lyrics generally represent it as successful. The readiness with which rich old gentlemen can furnish themselves with young and blooming wives is matter of every day remark; and if one may impute truth to verse, we might safely conclude that the heroine and hero of this song were, within a week, bride and bridegroom.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

Now where got ye that feather and bonnet,
My sweet young maiden, will ye tell me?
I got them frae a bold sodger laddie,
Between Saint Johnstone and bonnie Dundee.
O gin I saw the laddie who gae them,
Oft has he dandled me upon his knee;
May Heaven protect my brave sodger laddie,
And send him safe hame to his babie and me!

My blessings upon thy sweet wee lippie!
My blessings upon thy bonnie ee-bree!—
Thy smiles are so like my blithe sodger laddie,
Thou's aye be dearer and dearer to me.
But I'll big a bower on yon green banks,
Where Tay rins wimpling by so clear,
And I'll cleed thee a' in the scarlet fine,
And make thee a man like thy daddie dear.

A song of this name was a favourite in Scotland in ancient times, and it was so popular that the choice wits of London parodied it in a strain less witty than indelicate, called "Jockey's escape from Dundee." Formerly Jockey seems to have been the name which personated Scotland, as Sandy represents it now.

With some slight changes, I have adopted the copy printed by Johnson in his Museum. I have little doubt

that it is made up of several fragments: the strain of tenderness in the close is of modern workmanship; the commencement seems old. The first four lines of the last verse are of surpassing beauty.

BIDE YE YET.

Gin I had a wee house, and a cantie wee fire,
A bonnie wee wifie to praise and admire,
A bonnie wee yardie aside a wee burn—
Fareweel to the bodies that yammer and mourn.
Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what may betide me yet;
Some bonnie wee body may be my lot,
And I'll ay be canty wi' thinking o't.

When I gang afield, and come hame at e'en,
I'll get my wee wifie fu' neat and fu' clean,
And a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee,
That will cry, papa, or daddie, to me.

And if there should happen ever to be
A diff'rence atween my wee wifie and me,
In hearty good humour although she be teaz'd,
I'll kiss her and clap her until she be pleas'd.

David Herd obliged all the admirers of original song by picking up and publishing this charming little domestic lyric. Who the rustic poet was who speculated so beautifully on the joys and endearments of home, tradition has neglected to tell us. He seems indeed to have been a sensible person, and the patience, and the good humour, and the caresses which he recommends to the husband, are all necessary for smoothing down the wayward temper of woman till she smiles and is satisfied. Miss Jenny Grahame of Dumfries appears to have apprehended the misery which might come on man by listening to these deluding strains; and her song of

Alas! my son, ye little know,

may be considered as a kind of antidote to the pleasant poison of "Bide ye yet."

LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

My daddy is a canker'd carle,
He'll no twin wi' his gear;
My minny is a scolding wife
Hauds a' the house asteer.
But let them say, or let them do,
It's a' ane to me;
For he's low down amang the broom
That's waiting for me;

Awaiting for me my love,
That's waiting for me,
For he's low down amang the broom
That's waiting for me.

My aunty Kate sits at her wheel,
And sair she lightlies me;
But weel I ken its a' for spite,
For ne'er a jo has she.

My cousin Madge was sair beguil'd
Wi' Johnie o' the glen;
And aye sinsyne she cries, Beware
Of false deluding men.

Gleed Sandy he came west ae night
And speer'd when I saw Pate;
And aye sinsyne the neighbours round
They jeer me air and late.

There can be no doubt that the chorus, at least, of this song is of great antiquity, since it is quoted in the "Complaynt of Scotland." It was first published by David Herd, who found it among those portable lyrical collections which were once spread over the lowlands, and contributed to diffuse and preserve the love of song among the peasantry. Mr. Struthers in his collection says, "Low down in the Broom" is said to be the work of the late James Carnegie, Esq, of Balnamoor, a beautiful estate on the slope of the Grampians, within five

miles of Brechin. I hope, however, that the laird of Balnamoor had a surer claim to the authorship of this lyric than what arises from the inaccurate logic of one of his dependants. "I have conversed with a worthy farmer of fourscore," says one of the editor's correspondents, "who has lived on the Balnamoor estate from his infancy: the garrulous old man observed, 'I kent the auld laird weel—he was a curious bodie, and there's nae doubt he made up the song.'"

ANDRO AND HIS CUTTY GUN.

Blithe, blithe, blithe was she,
Blithe was she butt and ben;
And well she loo'd a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a tappit hen.
She took me in, and set me down,
And heght to keep me lawing-free;
But, cunning carline that she was,
She gart me birle my bawbee.

We loo'd the liquor well enough;
But waes my heart my cash was done,
Before that I had quench'd my drowth,
And laith I was to pawn my shoon.

When we had three times toom'd our stoup,
And the neist chappin new begun,
In started, to heeze up our hope,
Young Andro with his cutty gun.

The carline brought her kebbuck ben,
With girdle-cakes well toasted brown;
For well the canny kimmer kens,
They gar the swats gae glibber down.
We ca'd the bicker aft about,
Till dawing we ne'er jee'd our bun,
And aye the cleanest drinker out,
Was Andro with his cutty gun.

He did like ony mavis sing,
And as I in his oxter sat,
He ca'd me aye his bonny thing,
And mony a sappy kiss I gat.
I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been far ayont the sun;
But the blithest lad that e'er I saw,
Was Andro with his cutty gun.

In the fourth volume of Allan Ramsay's Miscellany this admirable song found a place; and I imagine had the existence of honest Andrew been known sooner he would have appeared earlier in the work. We are uninformed whether it is old, or remodelled or amended. Of its lively humour and sly merriment all

can judge, since none can help feeling the happy gaiety and joyous festivity of the scene which it presents. Some country ale-house will arise on the reader's fancy, with its cheerful fire, foaming tankards, merry songs, and boundless laughter; and while some youth as blithe as Andro, and some maiden as gay as the heroine, are the chief attraction, the smiling and assiduous hostess will glide from table to table with materials for increasing or allaying drouth. Burns says, "Andro and his cutty gun is the work of a master." The introduction of Andro when money was scant and mirth flown is very happy, and the increasing joy and augmenting din rings far and wide.

I have heard several variations of the song—one of them seemed happy:—

The carline brought her kebbuck ben,
Wi' knuckled cakes weel brander'd brown.

Knuckled cakes, as their name implies, are kneaded out with the knuckles alone without the aid of a roller, and prepared over the embers of wood on a brander or gridiron. The flavour is increased by this primitive mode of cooking, and when eaten warm with ale the charm of each is increased.

For weel the cannie kimmer kens
To gaur the swats gae glibber down.

TARRY WOO'.

Tarry woo', tarry woo',
Tarry woo' is ill to spin—
Card it well, card it well,
Card it well ere ye begin.
When 'tis carded, row'd, and spun,
Then the work is haflens done;
But when woven, dress'd, and clean,
It may be cleeding for a queen.

Sing, my bonny harmless sheep,
That feed upon the mountains steep,
Bleating sweetly as ye go
Through the winter's frost and snow;
Hart, and hind, and fallow-deer,
Are na half so useful here;
Frae kings to him that hauds the plow,
All are oblig'd to tarry woo'.

Up ye shepherds, dance and skip,
O'er the hills and valleys trip,
Sing up the praise of tarry woo,
Sing the flocks that bear it too:
Harmless creatures without blame,
That cleed the back and cram the wame,
Keep us warm and hearty fou;
Leese me on the tarry woo'.

How happy is a shepherd's life,
Far frae courts and free of strife,
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lambkins answer mae:
No such music to his ear;
Of thief or fox he has no fear;
Sturdy kent, and colly too,
Well defend the tarry woo'.

He lives content, and envies none,
Not even a monarch on his throne;
Though he the royal sceptre sways,
He has not sweeter holidays.
Who'd be a king, can ony tell,
When a shepherd sings sae well;
Sings sae well, and pays his due,
With honest heart and tarry woo'?

Though only a portion here and there of this song is older than the days of Allan Ramsay, it is worthy of a place among our very early lyrics. Relishing of pastoral times and rustic industry, it mingles the counsels of ancient experience with the charms of verse. Some of the earlier versions were more decided in the praise and preference of Tarry woo'.

Tarry woo' is ill to spin;
Card it weel ere ye begin,
Card it weel and draw't sma—
Tarry woo's the best of a'.

This old assurance of the excellence of the tarred fleece has been disputed lately, and it has been urged that the use of tar, while it lessons the value of the fleece, is injurious to the flock. On the other hand, it is contended that some sort of surgery is necessary to preserve the flock from vermin and to nourish the wool. Of old, Dumfries was famous for making a certain kind of woollen cloth, called "Whytes," which was esteemed a luxury by merchants of foreign countries. It would be worth while to inquire if this cloth was produced from the white or the tawny fleece. A mason lodge in Lockerby is called "Quhyte woolen lodge;" and there are other places which preserve the memory of this beautiful manufacture. This song first appeared in Allan Ramsay's collection.

SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY.

Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Saw ye nae my Peggy,
  Coming o'er the lea?
Sure a finer creature
Ne'er was form'd by nature,
So complete each feature,
  So divine is she.

O how Peggy charms me;
Every look still warms me;
Every thought alarms me,
  Lest she love nae me.
Peggy doth discover
Nought but charms all over
Nature bids one love her,
  That's a law to me.

Who would cease the lover,
To become a rover?
No! I'll ne'er give over,
  Till I happy be.
For since love inspires me,
As her beauty fires me,
And her absence tires me,
  Nought can please but she.

When I hope to gain her,
Fate seems to detain her;
Could I but obtain her,
  Happy would I be!
I'll lie down before her,
Bless, sigh, and adore her,
With faint looks implore her,
  Till she pity me.

If Allan Ramsay knew this song, he has sinned sadly against taste in omitting it in his collection, and deeper still in excluding it for the sake of his own verses to

the same air. That he was acquainted with the whole or a part of it there can be little doubt. Compare the second verse with the same verse in Ramsay—

Then let Peggy warm ye;
That's a lass can charm ye,
And to joys alarm ye;
  Sweet is she to me.
Some angel ye wad ca' her,
And never wish ane brawer,
If ye bare-headed saw her
  Kilted to the knee.

These lines also prove Ramsay's acquaintance with some very old and very free verses which have been long known, though seldom sung among our peasantry.

Saw ye my Maggie,
Saw ye my Maggie,
Saw ye my Maggie
  Linken o'er the lea?
High kilted was she,
High kilted was she,
High kilted was she,
  Coats aboon her knee.

What mark has your Maggie,
What mark has your Maggie,
What mark has your Maggie,
  Ane may ken her be?

I have seen the song of which these lines form the commencement, in many shapes; but the evil spirit of folly was still visible; and much as I loved the sharp keen humour, I loved delicacy more.

TWINE WEEL THE PLAIDEN.

O I have lost my silken snood,
That bound my hair sae yellow;
I've gien my heart to the lad I loed,
He is a gallant fellow.
And twine it weel my bonnie dow,
And twine it weel the plaiden—
The lassie lost her silken snood
In puing o' the brekan.

He praised my een sae bonnie blue,
Sae lily-white my skin-o;
And syne he pried my rosie mou,
And vowed it was no sin-o.
And twine it weel my bonnie lass,
Twine weel the snowy plaiden—
The lassie lost her silken snood
Amang the lady-brekan.

But he has left his native land,
And his true love forsaken,

Which makes me mourn the maiden snood,
I tint amang the brekan.
And twine it weel my bonnie dow,
And twine it weel the plaiden—
Alas! for the sweet hours I passed
Amang the lady-brekan.

Like many of our favourite songs, "The silken snooded lassie" is composed from the fragments of two ancient lyrics; and the poet, in uniting them, has not had the art of engrafting or budding the one upon the other, so as to make them seem wholly of one growth. I have heard a song of the same nature, which was put into the mouth of a girl as she twined the plaiden. She lamented the loss of the symbol of maidenhood in the same way as the heroine of the present lyric. It was, however, a very different song. I have not been able to find any thing like it among our early collections. Ante-nuptial dalliance, as one of our old poets expresses it, was a favourite theme for the Muse of our ancestors —a subject, concerning which many curious stories might be told, and many strange customs cited.

HERE AWA', THERE AWA'.

Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie,
  Here awa', there awa', here awa' hame;
Lang have I sought thee, dear have I bought thee,
  Now I have gotten my Willie, again.

Through the lang muir I have follow'd my Willie,
  Through the lang muir I have follow'd him hame;
Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us;
  Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie,
  Here awa', there awa', here awa' hame;
Come love, believe me, naething can grieve me,
  Ilka thing pleases while Willie's at hame.

Maids, have ye seen him, my ain true love Willie?
  Blithe as the bird when the bud's on the tree?
If ye have seen him, and dinna esteem him,
  Ye havena seen Willie, the lad who loes me.

In copying this old song from Johnson's Museum, I excluded a strange verse which had been attached to the others, more for the sake of the uncouth contrast than with the wish of continuing the song in its natural character. The verse nevertheless has claims upon our

regard from its undoubted antiquity, and from its being all that time has left us of the original "Haud awa' Hame." It is worth preserving.

Gin ye meet my love, kiss her and clap her,
Gin ye meet my love, dinna think shame—
Gin ye meet my love, kiss her and clap her,
And show her the way to haud awa' hame.

I have supplied the place which these old words occupied with a verse more in the manner of the others.

JOHNIE'S GRAY BREEKS.

When I was in my se'nteen year,
I was baith blithe and bonnie-o;
The lads loe'd me baith far and near,
But I loe'd nane but Johnie-o:
He gain'd my heart in twa three weeks,
He spake sae blithe and kindly-o;
And I made him new gray breeks,
That fitted him most finely-o.

He was a handsome fellow;
His humour was baith frank and free;
His bonnie locks sae yellow,
Like gowd they glittered in my e'e:

His dimpled chin and rosy cheeks,
And face sae fair and ruddy-o;
And then a-days his gray breeks
Were neither auld nor duddy-o.

But now they're threadbare worn,
They're wider than they wont to be;
They're tashed like and sair torn,
And clouted upon ilka knee.
But gin I had a simmer's day,
As I hae had right monie-o,
I'd make a web o' new gray,
To be breeks to my Johnie-o.

For he's weel wordy o' them,
And better gin I had to gie;
And I'll tak pains upo' them,
Frae faults I'll strive to keep them free.
To cleed him weel shall be my care,
To please him a' my study-o!
But he maun wear the auld pair
A wee, though they be duddy-o.

For when the lad was in his prime,
Like him there wasna monie-o.
He ca'd me aye his bonnie thing,
Sae wha wadna loe Johnie-o?
O I loe Johnie's gray breeks,
For a' the care they've gi'en me yet,

And gin we live anither year,
We'll mak' them hale between us yet.

The air and the subject of this old and clever song seem to have been favourites with our elder poets; and some of our latest and best lyric writers have called in the aid of the beautiful melody to give wings to their verses. Like many more of our Caledonian songs, this lyric presents a double face—one pleasant, yet delicate—loving mirth, but keeping within the bounds of decorum: the other laughing outright, in the full enjoyment of free humour and indecorous glee. Even into the present song, some of the wildness of the other for a time intruded; but it was ejected; and now our ladies may sing the praise of this ancient and patched raiment in peace of mind, and without confusion of face. I believe, however, that the objectionable verses were the oldest. I never saw them in print; but I have often heard them sung, when the drink was abounding, the mirth loud, and the humour far from select.

WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.

Willie was a wanton wag,
The blithest lad that e'er I saw;
At bridals still he bore the brag,
And carry'd aye the gree awa:
His doublet was of Zetland shag,
And wow! but Willie he was braw,
And at his shoulder hung a tag,
That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw;
And aye whatever Willie said,
It was still hadden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag,
When he went to the weapon-shaw,
Upon the green nane durst him brag,
The fiend a ane amang them a'.

And was not Willie well worth gowd?
He wan the love of great and sma';
For after he the bride had kiss'd,
He kiss'd the lasses hale-sale a'.
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When by the hand he led them a',
And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
By virtue of a standing law.

And wasna Willie a great loon,
As shyre a lick as e'er was seen?
When he danc'd with the lasses round,
The bridegroom speer'd where he had been.
Quoth Willie, I've been at the ring;
With bobbing, faith, my shanks are sair;
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
For Willie he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willie, I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring.
But, shame light on his souple snout,
He wanted Willie's wanton fling.
Then straight he to the bride did fare,
Says, well's me on your bonny face,
With bobbing Willie's shanks are sair,
And I'm come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the dance,
And at the ring you'll aye be lag,
Unless, like Willie, ye advance;
O! Willie has a wanton leg;
For wi't he learns us a' to steer,
And foremost aye bears up the ring;
We will find nae sic dancing here,
If we want Willie's wanton fling.

Allan Ramsay in his collection adds to this song the letters "W. W.;" and tradition and conjecture have combined to pronounce them the initials of William

Walkinshaw of Walkinshaw in Renfrewshire. Burns mentions having heard such a tradition; and the "Harp of Renfrewshire," a work much more curious than accurate, introduces him into its list of the poets of that district, and gives him the authorship of this song, but gratifies us with no further particulars. It is not said at what period the author lived; but at all events alliteration was esteemed a beauty; and the beauty of alliteration was losing its repute before the days of Allan Ramsay. The song seems so entire and so wholly of a piece, that were I to say it had been all struck off at one heat, there would be more to believe me than if I expressed a suspicion that the song was the renovation of an ancient strain, and had been re-awakened into life and melody by some skilful and congenial hand.

SLIGHTED NANCIE.

'Tis I hae sev'n braw new gowns,
And sev'n better to mak',
And yet for a' my new gowns
My wooer has turn'd his back.
Besides I hae sev'n milk-kye,
And Sandy he has but three;
And yet for a' my good kye
The laddie winna hae me.

My daddie's a delver o' dykes,
My mither can card and spin,
And I'm a fine fodgel lass,
And the siller comes linkin in.
The siller comes linkin in,
And it's fu' fair to see;
And fifty times wow, O wow!
What ails the lads at me?

Whenever our Bawty does bark,
Then fast to the door I rin,
To see gin ony young spark
Will light and venture but in:
But never a ane will come in,
Tho' mony a ane gaes by;
Syne far ben the house I rin,
And a woefu' wight am I.

When I was at my first prayers,
I pray'd but ance in the year;
I wish'd for a handsome young lad,
And a lad wi' muckle gear.
When I was at my neist prayers,
I pray'd but now and than;
I fash'd na my head about gear,
If I gat but a handsome young man.

But now when I'm at my last prayers,
I pray baith night and day,

And O! if a beggar wad come,
With that same beggar I'd gae.
And O! what will come o' me!
And O! what will I do?
That sic a braw lassie as I
Shou'd die for a wooer I trow!

Allan Ramsay printed this song in his collection to the tune of "An the kirk wad let me be." I can hardly believe the fair complainer to be serious in her song, since a lass "with seven braw new gowns, and seven better to mak'," was a maidèn of some consequence in the year of grace and thrift, 1724. As the cloth, too, from which those garments were shaped, was probably of her own spinning, and seven milk-kye were no unhandsome dower in those simpler times, there is an image of industry and opulence presented which it seems strange men should so foolishly overlook. The pride of hope, in her teens, when she prayed but once a year for a rich and handsome lad, and the gradual abatement which disappointment makes, with the increase of years, in her desires after personal looks and wealth, are very naturally described, and with more of humour than seriousness.

LUCKIE NANCIE.

While fops, in saft Italian verse,
Ilk fair ane's een and breast rehearse,
While sangs abound and sense is scarce,
  These lines I have indited:
But neither darts nor arrows here,
Venus nor Cupid shall appear;
And yet with these fine sounds I swear,
  The maidens are delighted.
    I was aye telling you,
    Luckie Nancie, Luckie Nancie,
    Auld springs wad ding the new;
    But ye wad never trow me.

Nor snaw with crimson will I mix,
To spread upon my lassie's cheeks;
And syne th' unmeaning name prefix,
  Miranda, Chloe, or Phillis.
I'll fetch nae simile frae Jove,
My height of ecstasy to prove,
Nor sighing—thus—present my love
  With roses eke and lilies.

But stay,—I had amaist forgot
My mistress and my sang to boot,
And that's an unco' faut I wat;
  But, Nancie, 'tis nae matter.

Ye see I clink my verse wi' rhyme,
And ken ye, that atones the crime;
Forby, how sweet my numbers chime,
And slide away like water.

Now ken, my reverend sonsy fair,
Thy runkled cheeks and lyart hair,
Thy half-shut een and hodling air,
Are a' my passion's fuel.
Nae skyring gowk, my dear, can see,
Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee;
Yet thou hast charms enow for me;
Then smile, and be na cruel.
Leeze me on thy snawy pow,
Luckie Nancie, Luckie Nancie;
Driest wood will eithest low,
And, Nancie, sae will ye now.

Troth I have sung the sang to you,
Which ne'er anither bard wad do;
Hear then my charitable vow,
Dear venerable Nancie.
But if the warld my passion wrang,
And say ye only live in sang,
Ken I despise a sland'ring tongue,
And sing to please my fancy.

This beautiful song, which at once instructs us in domestic endearment and lyric composition, was first in-

troduced to the world by Allan Ramsay—it is marked as an old song, with additions. Burns, however, thought it was all Ramsay's, except the chorus; and the chorus he imagined might belong to an old song, prior to the mistake which the lady of Cherrietrees made when she concealed the Rev. David Williamson from the dragoons in the same bed with her daughter, which occasioned the scoffing song to the same air. I should have agreed with Burns (for certainly the song has something of the style of Ramsay about it), had it not been for a communication which Lord Woodhouselee made on the subject to Mr. Cromek. "I have reason to believe that no part of the words of this song was written by Ramsay. I have been informed by good authority that the words were written by the Hon. Duncan Forbes, Lord President of the Court of Session." Though Ramsay has written songs of as great merit, I am not sure that he could have laid down such excellent maxims for song writing, at least he has given us manifold examples of an inferior taste.

HAUD AWA' FRAE ME, DONALD.

Haud awa', bide awa',
Haud awa' frae me, Donald;
I've seen the man I weel could love,
But that was never thee, Donald:
Wi' plumed bonnet waving proud,
And claymore at thy knee, Donald,
And lord o' Moray's mountains high,
Thou'rt no a match for me, Donald.

Haud awa', bide awa',
Haud awa frae me, Donald;
What sairs your mountains and your lochs,
I canna swim nor flee, Donald!
But if ye'll come when yon fair sun
Is sunk beneath the sea, Donald,
I'll quit my kin, and kilt my coats,
And take the hills wi' thee, Donald.

If this song succeeds in removing all remembrance of the original song of the same name, it will render some service to morality; for the ancient version was as gross as it was witty. Many songs have been written to this air, but none of them are worthy of the sweet and simple music. It is the first air I ever heard either played or sung, and it returns on me with many associations.

JEANIE, WHERE HAST THOU BEEN?

O, Jeanie, Jeanie, where hast thou been?
Father and mother were seeking for thee;
Ye have been ranting, playing the wanton,
Keeping young Jockie companie.
O, Bessie, I've been to hear the mill clack,
Getting meal ground for the familie;
As fou as it gade I bring hame the sack,
For the miller has taken nae multure frae me.

Oh, Jeanie, Jeanie, there's meal on your gown,
The miller's a wanton lad and a slee;
The victual's come hame again hale, but the loon,
I fear, he has taken the multure off thee.
Oh, Bessie, ye spread your linen to bleach,
When that was done, where could ye be?
E'en gliding away to a nook o' the wood,
And wanton Willie was following thee.

Oh, Jeanie, Jeanie, ye gade to the kirk,
But when it skaled, where could thou be?
Ye came nae hame till it was mirk,
They say the kissing clerk came wi' ye:
O silly lassie, what wilt thou do?
In sackcloth gown they'll heeze thee hie.
Gae look to thysel wi' wanton Will—
The clerk frae creepies will keep me free.

This song is marked as old, with additions, in Allan Ramsay's collection. There is much humour and much freedom, as there will ever be when ladies reproach each other with their gallantries. Some of the lines require illustration—the clack of the mill, a rural and a thrifty sound, is now mute for ever: and the miller's multure, so often alluded to in rhyme and in proverb, and the subject too of an ancient song, has long been commuted for cash payment. Even the stool of repentance has disappeared from our kirks; a maiden who has a misfortune, as the courtesy of rustic speech calls the slip which deprives her of the title of virgin, receives the pastor's admonition, standing in her seat, or commutes her shame for a sum of money, proportioned to the means of the sinner—a compromise which fills the purse of the session, if it fails to lessen the annual amount of youthful transgressions.

THE SOGER LADDIE.

My soger laddie is over the sea,
And he will bring gold and siller to me;
And when he comes hame, he'll make me a lady;
My blessing gang with him my soger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handsome and brave,
And can as a soger and lover behave;

True to his country, to love he is steady;
There's few to compare with my soger laddie.

Shield him, ye angels, frae death an' alarms,
Return him with laurels to my langing arms;
Syne frae all my care he'll pleasantly free me,
When back to my wishes my soger ye gi'e me.

O soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
As quickly they must, if he get his due:
For in noble actions his courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my soger laddie.

"The Soger Laddie" is a greater favourite with the Scottish multitude than with the publishers of our lyrical collections: the words are good, and the air pleasing. War, which sends the flower of our youth into foreign lands, makes many hearts have an interest in these verses. The air deserves more heart-stirring words—the subject is of a martial and a tender nature. I wish Joanna Baillie would give half an hour's meditation to the tune. I know of no one who has adorned our national melodies with verses of more exquisite native grace, and humorous or pathetic beauty.

TWEEDSIDE.

When Peggy and I were acquaint,
I carried my noddle fu' hie;
Nae lintwhite on a' the gay plain,
Nae gowdspink sae bonnie as she.
I whistled, I pip'd, and I sang;
I woo'd, but I cam' nae great speed:
Therefore I maun wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

To Peggy my love I did tell;
My tears did my passion express:
Alas! for I loved her o'er weel,
And the women love sic a man less.
Her heart it was frozen and cauld,
Her pride had my ruin decreed;
Therefore I maun wander awa',
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

Some one says, the air of "Tweedside" was the composition of David Rizzio; on the same kind of grave authority we may assign to all our anonymous airs and songs musicians and poets. Lord Yester, it is said, was the author of this song; and it still finds admirers, and obtains a place in our collections, though Crawford has

written a more popular lyric. But nature will always reward those who are her servants. That woman seldom enriches a romantic and enthusiastic youth with her affections, was a bitter truth which Lord Yester experienced before 1680.

THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

The yellow hair'd laddie sat on yon burn brae,
Cries, milk the ewes, lassie, let nane o' them gae:
The maiden she milked, and blithely she sang,
The yellow hair'd laddie shall be my goodman.
The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin,
My ewes are new clipped, and they winna bught in:
In clusters they rin o'er the lily-white lea;
O yellow hair'd laddie come bught them for me.

The goodwife cries butt the house, Jenny, my bairn,
The cheese is to make and the butter to earn.
The cheese it may sodden, the butter may sour,
I'll whisper and kiss wi' my love ae half-hour.
The goodwife cried down the house, Jenny, my dow,
Thy half-hour is flown, and the ale is to brew.
Oh, the ale it may stand, and hours they may flee,
For the yellow hair'd laddie my husband shall be!

This, or most of this, is a very old song, which Allan

Ramsay saved from oblivion and imitated. In ease and simplicity it excels the songs which it inspired. It must still, however, be regarded as incomplete: the ewes which the heroine milks, in the first verse, she cannot bught in the second; and the moving of the scene from the hill-top to the fire-side seems too sudden and abrupt. I have printed all that is worth preserving, and perhaps more.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

There's auld Rob Morris wha wons in yon glen,
He's the king of gude fellows, and wale of auld men,
Has four-score of black sheep, and fourscore white, too,
And auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

Haud your tongue, mither, and let that abee,
For his old and my age can never agree;
They'll never agree, and that will be seen,
For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

Haud your tongue, daughter, and lay by your pride,
For he's be the bridegroom, and ye'se be the bride;
He shall lie by your side, and kiss ye too,
And auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

Auld Rob Morris I ken him fu' weel,
His back sticks out like ony peat-creel—

He's out-shinn'd, in-kneed, and ringle-eyed, too;
Auld Rob Morris is the man I'll ne'er lo'e.

Though auld Rob Morris be an elderly man,
Yet his auld brass it will buy a new pan;
Then, daughter, ye should nae be sae ill to shoo,
For auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

But auld Rob Morris I never will hae,
His back is so stiff, and his beard is so gray;
I rather wad die than dwall wi' him a year;
Sae mair of Rob Morris I never will hear.

Allan Ramsay extracted this very clever song out of a very long lyric composition of the same name, in which the mother sings the suit of Rob Morris with all a mother's earnestness after worldly welfare; and the daughter discusses his personal endowments with all a maiden's wit and with less than a maiden's delicacy. It is a very happy and comic performance: the sagacity of age arms its arguments with proverbs, and displays all the advantages of territorial wealth; youth, on the other hand, can hope for little delight from a worn frame and a gray beard, and draws a picture of the venerable admirer which shows that the pleasures she counts upon are of a personal nature, such as fifteen can never expect from fourscore. Burns has borrowed the two first lines for the commencement of his song with the same name—a very beautiful and sweet production.

CLOUT THE CAULDRON.

Have you any pots or pans,
  Or any broken chandlers?
I am a tinker to my trade,
  And newly come frae Flanders,
As scant of siller as of grace,
  Disbanded, we've a bad run;
Gar tell the lady of the place,
  I'm come to clout her cauldron.

Madam, if you have wark for me,
  I'll do't to your contentment,
And dinna care a single flie
  For any man's resentment:
For, lady fair, though I appear
  To ev'ry ane a tinker,
Yet to yoursel I'm bauld to tell,
  I am a gentle jinker.

Love, Jupiter into a swan
  Turn'd, for his lovely Leda;
He like a bull o'er meadows ran,
  To carry off Europa.
Then may not I, as well as he,
  To cheat your Argus blinker,
And win your love, like mighty Jove,
  Thus hide me in a tinker?

Sir, ye appear a cunning man,
But this fine plot you'll fail in,
For there is neither pot nor pan
Of mine you'll drive a nail in.
Then bind your budget on your back,
And nails up in your apron,
For I've a tinker under tack
That's used to clout my cauldron.

A Galloway tradition ascribes to a Gordon of the house of Kenmore the honour of composing the original words of this song, which are supposed to have assisted Allan Ramsay in writing the present lyric. In the disguise of a tinker or wandering gipsy, he sought to elude the search of the Parliamentarians in the times of Cromwell; and under the impulse of some amour, he made the verses, of which the two first lines of the common song form a part. The air is well known by the name of the "Blacksmith and his apron;" indeed, better known in many places than by the name of "Clout the Cauldron," and this seems too to have formed part of an ancient song, of which I regret my inability to give any specimens. But "Clout the Cauldron" was a well known song and air in early times: tradition says, that the second Bishop Chisholm, of Dumblane, used merrily to observe, that were it his misfortune to go to be hanged, nothing could soothe him so much on the way as to hear "Clout the Cauldron" played. The song of Ramsay is certainly in a freer style than is acceptable now; but it is far too lively and peculiar to be amended, and

far too great a favourite to be omitted. It is almost the only song in which he has introduced his favourite heathen gods with effect; here they heighten the humour and augment the mock heroic spirit of the composition. Well might the lady say, when she heard a tinker speak so learnedly, "Sir, ye appear a cunning man."

AS I WENT OUT AE MAY-MORNING.

As I went out ae May-morning,
A May-morning it chanced to be,
O there I saw a very bonnie lass
Come linkin o'er the lea to me:
And O, she was a weel-faured lass,
Sweet as a flower that moment sprung;
I said, fair maid, can ye fancy me?
She laughed, and said, I am too young.

I took her by the lily-white hand,
And by the waist sae straight and sma',
And lang in others eyes we gazed,
As we gaed down the greenwood shaw:
The hawthorns flourished fresh and fair,
And o'er our heads the small birds sung;
And never a word the lassie said,
But gentle sir, I am too young.

To be your bride, I am too young;
And far o'er proud to be your loon:
This is the morn of merry May,
And I'll be aulder, sir, in June.
It was the morn of merry May,
The odorous flowers beneath us sprung;
The lassie sighed, and said, sweet sir,
Come wed me, but I am too young.

The old song of which this is a portion is printed in the Museum. The heroine states her condition like one before the minister and elders; and her regard for truth induces her to speak very frankly and very plainly. Such liberties could not well be indulged in, and I was obliged, while I abated the freedom, to abridge the story. Our old songs abound in such casual encounters and indulgences: indeed, the romances led the way, the ballads followed, and a lighter and more lasting kind of composition sought to perpetuate the meetings in the woods of that lordly savage man with the softer savage woman. The world has grown more effeminate and more wily since, and ladies can lose their reputations at home without seeking to cast them away in wildernesses. It is a discreet world, and may in time become devout.

LADY ONLIE.

As I came in by Thornie-bank,
And by the sunny shore o' Buckie,
O I stept in to take a cup
Wi' Lady Onlie, honest luckie:
Her foaming ale, her merry tale,
A kiss at times when things are lucky;
The mirk mirk hours she lends them wings
Gude Lady Onlie, honest luckie.

Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean,
I wat she is a dainty chuckie;
And cheerly blinks the ingle-gleed
Of Lady Onlie, honest luckie.
Her drink is strong, her lips are sweet,
I taste them as I go to Buckie.
Sic things maun be, if I sell ale,
Quo' Lady Onlie, honest luckie.

I found most of this merry little song in the Museum, and in trimming it for publication I have added nothing more than the original words seemed to warrant. If I have caused the hostess to add other allurements to her house than those of strong ale and a cheerful fire, proverbial imputation and the example of Tam O'Shanter may bear the blame. The last line save one is a proverb in current use among those acquainted with alehouses.

JOHN OCHILTREE.

O honest auld John Ochiltree,
My winsome auld John Ochiltree,
When moonlight comes, slip o'er the moor,
And dance as ye have danced before.
Alake! alake! I downa now
Step rashly as I wont to do;
For mirth and might have fled frae me,
Frae honest auld John Ochiltree.

My honest man, John Ochiltree,
My cantie auld John Ochiltree,
Come o'er and crack wi' me at e'en,
And mirth and might may come again.
O walaways, my sonsie quean,
When dames are daffin-ripe at e'en,
I sigh—sic sweets are no for me,
For honest auld John Ochiltree.

O walaways, John Ochiltree,
For monie a time I tauld ye free,
Ye rade sae fast by sea and land,
And kept sae slack a bridle-hand,
Thy gallant steed wad droop and tine,
Thy sight wad fail, thy strength wad dwine;
Light leaves the sky, and leafs the tree,
Sae might leaves auld John Ochiltree.

It cheers me up to hear thee sing,
I'll come to thee, my ain sweet thing,
And we'll think on our former wark,
When we gade daunering in the dark;
When mirth was rife, when joys were cheap,
When life's blood gave a warmer leap,
And hopes were high, and hearts were free,
Quo' honest auld John Ochiltree.

Allan Ramsay, wherever he found it, printed this song as ancient in the Tea-table Miscellany: and certainly it has many tokens of antiquity about it. His copy, exceedingly curious as it is, and valuable for a peculiar vein of free humour, seems to be made up of fragments; the sense is rendered imperfect or obscure, and the original intention of the poet is interrupted before the end of the song. I know not that I have amended it, but something was necessary to be done; and I wish my success equalled my liking to the dramatic spirit of the original. The name of the hero of the song has obtained a celebrity which the verse was unable to confer by the inimitable Edie Ochiltree of the Antiquary. But except in age and in name they have nothing in common between them; and if honest John suggested the idea of the shrewd and facetious mendicant, he has been the occasion of more pleasure than the hero of any other song in the language.

MY WIFE'S A WILFU' WEE THING.

My wife's a wilfu' wee thing,
My wife's a wilfu' wee thing,
My wife's a wanton wee thing,
  She winna be guided by me:
Her folly wha can hide it?
Her wilfu'ness wha bide it?
She was wanton ere she brided,
  And will be till she die.

She sold her gown and she drank it,
And went to the kirk in a blanket;
And danced and cried, Bethanket,
  O wha's sae merry as me!
The elders a' forbade her,
The parson sair miscaud her,
And I took her hame and tawed her,
  Yet a wanton wife was she.

I'll soon be doiled wi' thinking,
She'll soon gang daft wi' drinking,
Sae down the hill like winking,
  We'll gang, my wife and me.
She spent an hour in quaffin',
She spent an hour in laughin',
And wared a night in daffin',
  And braw a gude bairn grew she.

Rude and coarse though the ancient words of this song were, as many well know, such was their liveliness and such the more than corresponding excellence of the air, that they found as much favour as many well polished and more ambitious strains. I have heard them sung again and again, and the starting line stood ever thus, "My wife's a wallopin wee thing." I could certainly diversify this notice with many variations of the song, but they are generally so uncouth and so full of repetitions that I cannot please myself, and should not be likely to please others with my selections. Of the present copy, like all other oral songs, some is new and much old.

JOHN COME KISS ME NOW.

O John come kiss me, now, now, now,
O John come kiss me now;
The present time's the pleasant time,
Sae make nae mair ado:
The passing time's the sweetest time,
To them wha woo and daut;
Sae I'll gae kiss my ain gudeman,
It's neither sin nor faut.

O John come kiss me now, now, now,
O John come kiss me now;

The simmer's night is but a gliff,
For twa young things to woo;
True love's ain hour's the midnight hour,
I've heard my grannie say,
But I'll steal joy frae mirk midnight,
And gie't it to honest day.

O John come kiss me now, now, now,
O John come kiss me now,
Come, rest ye, and gi'e me a kiss,
Ye're weary wi' the plow:
Come hame, lad, and let's have some mirth,
For youth flies fast away;
We'll laugh and daut, while we are young,
And groan when we are gray.

This is one of the songs which Wedderburn sought to seduce from the service of honest mirth and domestic joy, and convert it into an useful vassal of the reformed church: it is needless to say with what success. It is therefore a very old song, or at least some of it is very old. The present version seeks to preserve the original aim of the old minstrel and support his spirit. In the Musical Museum the ancient measure of the verse has suffered a change which seems not for the better, though some lines of merit are mingled with the earlier words. Allan Ramsay, in his lively tale of "The Lure," directly refers to this song as a popular one.

This was a fresh young landart lass,
Wi' cheeks like cherries, een like glass;

Few coats she wore, and they were kilted,
And, "John, come kiss me now," she lilted,
As she skiff'd o'er the benty knowes,
Gaun to the bughts to milk her yowes.

These lines contain such a picture of youth, and health, and life, and joy, as has been seldom equalled.

LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

O lassie, art thou sleeping yet,
Or are ye waking, I wad wit?
Thy love has bound me hand and foot,
And here I maun remain-o.
O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
O let me in this ae night,
Or I'll ne'er come back again-o.

Deep is the way wi' snaw and sleet,
And wild the night wi' wind and weet;
My shoon are frozen on my feet,
Sae lang I maun remain-o.
O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
The wildness o' this winter night
Might conquer thy disdain-o.

Now, where dwell ye when ye're at hame—
What are ye like—have ye a name—
Are ye heav'n's wark, and think ye shame
In sunshine to be seen-o?
Away thy ways, this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night,
And come this way in daylight—
Its honester than e'en-o.

Some ca' me fair, some ca' me fause,
Of mickle mirth I am the cause,
For I'm the laird o' Windie-waas,
A house of ancient fame-o.
Sae let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night:
Show me the way this ae night,
And I'll ken the way again-o.

My daddie's wondrous light o' sleep;
My aunt my chamber keys maun keep;
I wot my casements chirp and cheep,
Else I wad let ye in-o.
I'd let you in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
I'll let ye in this ae night,
If ye'll ne'er do't again-o.

O, I'll steal in like sweet moonlight,
And ere the laverock takes his flight
I'll glide awa like glamour slight,
Ye'll hardly think I've been-o.

Sae let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
A waer heart, a wearier wight,
Never woo'd at e'en-o.

In seeking to free this song from the impurities with which it was surrounded and mingled, I was conscious that much of it was old, and merited some attempt to purify it. The laird of Windy-waas, who seeks to impose an aerial title on the simplicity of the maiden, had more success in the ancient version than he has been allowed in this. Windy-waas, a house of ancient fame, corresponds with the visionary structure so exquisitely described by Butler:

With roof of air, and walls of wind.

I could swell this note with many stray verses of this popular lyric. The maiden varies her counsel:

Cast aff the shoon frae aff yere feet,
Cast back the door unto the weet,
Syne through the chamber quietly creep,
And make but little din-o.

Her pleasure at learning her wooer was a laird is graphic and lively:

A laird! quo' she, and then she leuch—
Thanks to the fortune!—that's enough—
Come cannilie in, make little sough,
I'm lying a' my lane-o.

BEDS OF SWEET ROSES.

As I was a walking
One morning in May,
The small birds sang sweetly,
The flowers were blooming gay,
Oh, there I met my true love,
As fresh as dawning day,
Down amang the beds of sweet roses.

Fu' white was her bare foot,
New bathed in the dew;
Whiter was her white hand,
Her een were bonnie blue;
And kind were her whispers,
And sweet was her mou,
Down amang the beds of sweet roses.

My father and my mother
I wot they told me true,
That I liked ill to thrash,
And I liked worse to plough;
But I vow the maidens liked me,
For I kend the way to woo,
Down among the beds of sweet roses.

The air to which these verses were commonly sung gave utterance, about forty years ago, to the religious

hymns of Mrs. Buchan and her fanatical followers. This singular woman, called "Our Lady" by her people, wandered over the country, preaching that the time was at hand when the curse would be removed from the earth, and original sin be taken from mankind. She imagined that, under the new dispensation, the air would be so gentle, and all seasons so delightful, that the sons and daughters of men might go unattired; and that their bodies, restored to their original condition, would know no decay, and need no food. She preached up an eternal honeymoon, and made many proselytes. I have heard that one of the maidens who followed her was so beautiful that she made an impression on the heart of our great national poet. But time, which sobers down many follies, snatched Mrs. Buchan away; and her followers, overwhelmed and confounded by the death of one who had preached that she should never die, became regular and industrious. Their spinning-wheels and linen were in much repute. Indeed, something of a superstitious influence still clings to the remains of that curious people—a Galloway lady has sewed shrouds for herself and her sons out of a web which was purchased from the followers of "Our Lady." I know not what they are expected to be a charm against. Part of this song is printed in Johnson's Musical Museum—it is now completed. I think the line which gives a name to the song is part of a much older lyric, and that it has come from the south.

THE MERRY MEN-O.

When I was red, and ripe, and crouse,
  Ripe and crouse, ripe and crouse,
My father built a wee, wee house,
  To haud me frae the men-o;
There came a lad and gae a shout,
  Gae a shout, gae a shout—
The waas fell in, and I fell out
  Amang the merry men-o.

I dream sic sweet things in my sleep,
  In my sleep, in my sleep,
My mither says I winna keep
  Amang sae mony men-o.
When plums are ripe they should be pou'd,
  Should be pou'd, should be pou'd;
When maids are ripe, they maun be woo'd
  At seven years and ten-o.

My love—I cried it at the port,
  At the port, at the port,
The captain bade a guinea for't,
  The colonel he bade ten-o;
The chaplain he bade siller for't,
  Siller for't, siller for't;
But the serjeant he bade naething for't,
  And he came farthest ben-o.

Another version of this curious song is printed in "The Ballad Book," from which I have extracted the clever song of "I'll gaur our gudeman trow." It is directed to be sung to the tune of the "Birks of Aberfeldie." There are many repetitions, and yet the life and glee continues unimpaired to the close. A specimen may not be unacceptable.

My mither built a wee, wee house—
A wee, wee house—a wee, wee house;
My mither built a wee, wee house,
To keep me frae the men-o:
The waas fell in, and I fell out—
The waas fell in, and I fell out—
The waas fell in, and I fell out
Amang the merry men-o.

As the moon, as Butler wittily says, is best examined by her own light, so is song often best illustrated by song. It would be an acceptable labour to all who are curious in the history of national song to collect the innumerable fragments of ancient and modern verse still current among the peasantry, and print them, without change or augmentation, for private perusal.

THE DUSTY MILLER.

Hey the dusty miller,
And his dusty coat,
He will win a shilling,
Ere he spend a groat.
Dusty was the coat,
Dusty was the colour,
Dusty was the kiss
That I gat frae the miller.

Hey the dusty miller,
And his dusty sack,
Leeze me on the calling
Fills the dusty peck;
Fills the dusty peck,
Brings the pennie siller;
I wad gie my coatie
For the dusty miller.

Hey the merry miller,
As the wheel rins roun,
And the clapper claps,
My heart gies a stoun.
Water grinds the corn,
Water wins the siller;
When the dam is dry,
I daute wi' the miller.

The millers of both north and south have for a long period been great favourites of the rustic Muse; and their love of social glee, and the plenty with which their calling surrounded them, are generally the chief matters of lyric admiration. The present song is perhaps the cleverest of all the old songs on that subject; the first verse obtained the notice of Burns for its liveliness and naïveté, and some immaterial amendments in the second verse are from his hand. The concluding verse is more modern than the others, but it supports the starting spirit of the composition, and I have admitted it to prolong a little the pleasure its companions excited. Most of the song is very old, and both air and words are ancient favourites.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

The ploughman he's a merry lad,
A merry lad and bonnie;
The ploughman lad shall be my love,
While simmer suns are sunny:
He gies me many a kindly grip,
And dautes me in the gloamin;
My heart comes loupin to my lips
Whene'er I see my ploughman.

My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
A wet lad or a weary;
Cast off the wet, take something het,
Then hey for bed my dearie:
I trim the gleed, and make the bed,
What hand can make it safter!
And where's the lad whose look and grip
Can put a lassie dafter.

The bonniest sight I ever saw
Was by the brig of Johnstone,
For 'midst a rank of rosie queans
I saw my dearie dancin':
Snaw white stockings on his legs,
And siller buckles glancin',
A gude blue bonnet on his head,
And O, but he was handsome!

There are several versions of this old song, some with a slight sprinkling of indelicacy, and others with no small share of dulness, while a third kind may be found which unites both these exceptionable qualities. Herd published a very old and unequal copy, which contains some clever lines:—

Plough yon hill, and plough yon dale,
Plough yon faugh and fallow;
Wha winna drink my ploughman's health,
He's but a dirty fellow.

Tradition, too, supplies her fragments; many of them curious and characteristic:—

He ploughs the haugh, he ploughs the holm,
And water-furrows 't truly,
Then leaves his soke amid the furr,
And comes and dautes me duly.

We have, however, very few songs commemorating the pleasant labour of cultivating the earth. Burns, though a ploughman himself, while he immortalized many rural pursuits, left that at which the Muse found him without any acknowledgment in lyric verse.

GO TO THE KYE WI' ME.

O was she nae worthy of kisses,
Far mae than twa or three,
And worthy o' bridal blisses,
Wha went to the kye wi' me?
O go to the kye wi' me, my love,
Go to the kye wi' me;
Over the burn and through the broom,
And I'll be merry wi' thee.

I have a house a biggin,
Anither that's like to fa',
And I love a scornfu' lassie,
That grieves me warst of a'.
O go to the kye wi' me, my love,
Go to the kye wi' me;
Ye'll think nae mair o' yere mother
When 'mang the broom wi' me.

By the ripeness of thy lips,
By the sparkling of thy e'e,
By the witchery o' thy wit,
Thou'lt aye be dear to me.
O go to the kye wi' me, my love,
Go to the kye wi' me;
Ye'll never lang for daylight
When 'neath the moon wi' me.

Much of this song is very old, and the air to which it is commonly united is very beautiful. A fragment was printed by Herd, and the whole was retouched for the Museum, with little abatement of the original freedom of the language. The old verses are much too curious and clever to be omitted; but I must conceal in the obscurity of a note some of the words which delighted our grandmothers. Good innocent old ladies! they had all the virtue, and little of the sensitiveness of their descendants.

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I ha'e a house a biggin,
Anither that's like to fa';
And I ha'e a lassie wi' bairn,
Which vexes me warst of a'.

But if she be wi' bairn,
As I trow weel she be,
I ha'e an auld mother at home
Will doudle it on her knee.

THE CUCKOO.

The pleasant summer-time's at hand,
I hear the sweet cuckoo,
The corn is growing green and long,
The lamb bleats by the ewe:
The grasshopper sings for the sun,
The cricket sings for heat,
But when ye hear the cuckoo's song,
Be sure the season's sweet.

The throstle sings not till the light,
The lark not till the dawn,
The mavis when the pear-trees bud,
And woman sings for man:

They sing but to be heard or seen,
In bower or budding bough;
Sae sings nae my meek modest bird,
The gray unseen cuckoo.

I would persuade myself that the "Cuckoo" has borrowed a few notes from some of our earlier songs in honour of the favourite bird:—I had almost called it a songster, and if I had, my mistake would not have been much, for the delight which its cry, though monotonous, gives is equal to the pleasure of some of our sweetest music. There is a song well known in the north of England, which seems not to have been unknown to the Scottish bard:—

Summer is a coming in,
And loud sings the cuckoo:
The corn grows, the mead blows,
The wood shoots green anew:
On every blade of grass at morn
There glows a drop of dew,
When grass is long, then is the song
Of the summer bird cuckoo.

This modern song seems borrowed—for in song there is borrowing without measure, and imitations without end—from a rare old song in the Harleian Manuscripts, quoted by Sir John Hawkins and Joseph Ritson. It is supposed by the former to be as old as the fifteenth

century, and by the latter to be of the age of Henry the Third—the first verse may be rendered thus :—

Summer is a coming in,
Loud sings cuckoo,
Groweth seed, and bloweth mead,
And springeth the wood new.

The most ancient species of musical imitation is the song of the "Cuckoo." A very fine madrigal in three parts, composed about the year 1600, contains the Cuckoo's song; and it has found its way into several very early and esteemed collections. I once heard a very merry and witty song, sung in honour of the follies of the first morn of April; and I am sorry my memory has not served me so well in this as it has done in many other things. It recorded the adventures of a simpleton, or hunt-the-gowk, in search of a left-hand hammer, and the o'erword was ever "cuckoo, cuckoo."

LASS, AN I COME NEAR THEE.

Lass, an I come near thee,
Lass, an I come near thee,
I'll gaur a' thy ribbons reel,
Lass, an I come near thee.
Thou art sae bonny and sae proud,
Deil a ane dare steer thee;
But I'll gaur a' thy ribbons reel,
Lass, an I come near thee.

Wave again thy lily hand,
Fairest work o' nature;
Smile again wi' that dark eye,
Thou divinest creature:
Purer than a new-born star—
Ne'er a ane to peer thee;
My heart is far too full for speech,
Lass, when I come near thee.

The old fragment which is woven into these two verses is of some antiquity, and probably belonged to a song of a more exceptionable character for decorum than the present. I feel great unwillingness to throw any curious old verses away, as there is always something original about the language, or the sentiment, or the character they contain.

JAMIE, COME TRY ME.

Jamie, come try me,
Jamie, come try me;
If ye wad win my love,
Can ye na try me?
If ye should ask my love,
Could I deny thee?
If ye wad win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

My heart leaps light, my love,
When ye come nigh me;
If I had wings, my love,
Think na I'd fly thee.
If ye wad woo me, love,
Wha can espy thee?
I'm far aboon fortune, love,
When I am by thee.

I come from my chamber
When the moon's glowing;
I walk by the streamlet
'Mang the broom flowing.
The bright moon and stars, love—
None else espy me;
And if ye wad win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

Tradition will readily supply me with more verses of this old song than is printed; but tradition is a lady not over choice in her remembrance, and recites what we cannot on all occasions repeat. In Johnson's Museum a portion of the present song will be found; and I look on it as one of those little things of life and originality peculiarly national. It is one of those rustic fragments of which Herd and Johnson are full.

THERE CAME A PIPER OUT O' FIFE.

There came a piper out o' Fife,
I watnae what they ca'd him;
He played our cousin Kate a spring
When feint a body bade him.
The lasses danced, and runkled dames
Their shrunken shanks they shaw'd him;
O bide ye till I screw my pipes,
And I'm ye're servant, madam.

He screwed the pipes wi' sic gude will,
Till quivered roof and rafter,
From top to bottom shook the walls
Wi' shout, and shriek, and laughter;
Till ancient hearts grew young again,
And marble hearts grew safter;
And aye the louder that he played,
The dames lap daft and dafter.

This is one of those facetious fragments of old song which has descended orally from more primitive times. Men are undecided whether it is written in the spirit of humorous gaiety or merry wickedness. There is indeed another old fragment something akin to this, which it would require little wisdom to decide to be one of those very songs which a devout man accused the evil spirit of making. It begins thus—

There came a couper out of Banff,
Deil matter what they ca'd him.

As I can bring no better proof of the light meaning of this lively little song than what appears in its obvious resemblance to a lyric professedly indelicate, I have printed it; because it would be unjust to suspect it, and to include scores of others which the Muse of profanity or immodesty has polluted by parodies. The music of pipers and the mirth of maidens dancing have often been a subject for the indecent or facetious Muse.

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

O mount and go,
Mount and make you ready;
O mount and go
And be a captain's lady.
When the warpipes sound,
And the cannons rattle,
Thou shalt sit in state,
And see thy love in battle.
In my helm I'll wear
Of my love a token,
And cry spur on the spears,
My true love is looking.

O mount and go,
Mount and make you ready;
She might make a queen,
Can be a captain's lady.
O the cap and plume,
Thistle on the banner,
Sharp sword and true heart—
That's the way to honour.
Soon our swords shall still
Warfare's wild commotion;
Merry we'll come hame,
Sounding through the ocean.

The conception of this song is much superior to its execution; such a dancing kind of measure finds suitable poetry more from good luck than serious study. We have many variations of this pretty martial song—and one of the oldest is the silliest. The heroine declares her resolution of following the drum: she has a very sensible notion of the importance of the followers of the camp.

I'll away, away,
Neither stay nor tarry;
I'll away, away,
And be a captain's lady;
For a captain's lady
Is a dame of honour:
Many are the maids
Who fan and wait upon her;
Who wait aye upon her,
Run when she is ready—
Madam may be queen,
I'll be a captain's lady.

It is needless to multiply examples, some old and some new, of the same idea. I have selected the best version, and hazarded a few alterations.

THE LINKING LADDIE.

Waes me that e'er I heard thee speak,
Waes me that e'er I saw thee;
I've lost my heart and tint my fame,
And wotna what they ca' thee.
My name's kend in my ain countrie—
They ca' me the linking laddie;
An' ye hadna been as willing as me,
Shame fa' them wad hae bade ye.

O woman, thou'rt a lovely thing,
I canna help but loe thee;
Like golden fruit ye tempting hang—
O fa' na till we pou thee;
O, while ye tempt and while ye glow,
Man's love aye higher rises;
But fa', and where's the thing on earth
That man so much despises?

The Linking Laddie in Johnson's Museum is a fragment; and I have no belief that I have been able to complete it. It is moreover something indelicate; this has been abated, and the resemblance of a moral added. The older lyric Muse is no moralizer; and we may be thankful when she keeps her life and enjoyment from overflowing the limits of decorum and propriety. The song is not old, and the author's name unknown.

THE TAILOR.

The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles an' a',
The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles an' a';
The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma',
The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles an' a'.

The lassie was sleepy and thought on nae ill;
The weather was cauld and the lassie lay still;
The ninth part of manhood may weel hae its will,
She kend that a tailor could do her nae ill.

The tailor grew drowsie, and thought in a dream
How he caulked out his claith and he felled down his seam;
A blink beyond midnight, before the cock craw,
The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles an' a'.

Come gie me my groat again, bonnie young thing;
The sheets they are sma', and the blankets are thin;
The day it is short and the night it is long,
It's the dearest siller that ever I wan.

The day it is come, and the night it is gane,
And the bonnie young lassie sits sighing alane;
Since men they are scarce, it wad gie me nae pain
To see the bit tailor come skipping again.

This air is the march of the corporation of tailors. Some of the song is very old; some of it is by Burns; some of it has been added since his day: and still the song is not such a production as the air deserves. I know not what induced our ancient bards to speak so scornfully as they have often done of the art and mystery of shaping and sewing men's garments and shoes. A tailor and a shoemaker are among the benefactors of mankind; and I very willingly join in the praise of our old Scottish versifier Pennycuik, who, proud of his new apparel, swore a tailor was more than man. But song, and story, and proverb, all combine in ridiculing them.

ROB ROOL AND RATTLIN WILLIE.

Our Willie's away to Jeddart,
To dance on the rood-day,
A sharp sword by his side,
A fiddle to cheer the way.
The joyous tharms o' his fiddle
Rob Rool had handled rude,
And Willie left New-Mill banks
Red wat wi' Robin's blude.

Our Willie's away to Jeddart—
May ne'er the saints forbode

That ever sae merry a fellow
  Should gang sae black a road!
For Stobbs and young Falnash
  They followed him up and down—
In the links of Ousenam water
  They found him sleeping soun'.

Now may the name of Elliot
  Be cursed frae firth to firth!—
He has fettered the gude right hand
  That keepit the land in mirth.
That keepit the land in mirth,
  And charm'd maids' hearts frae dool;
And sair will they want him, Willie,
  When birks are bare at Yule.

The lasses of Ousenam water
  Are rugging and riving their hair,
And a' for the sake of Willie—
  They'll hear his sangs nae mair.
Nae mair to his merry fiddle
  Dance Teviot's maidens free:
My curses on their cunning,
  Wha gaured sweet Willie die!

"Rattling Roaring Willie" has been long celebrated in Border story; he was a noted ballad-maker and brawler, and his sword-hand was dreaded as much as his bow-hand was admired. His fatal quarrel with the

poet of Rule-water is noticed in the Lay of the Last Minstrel.

SWEET TIBBIE DUNBAR.

O wilt thou come wi' me,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
O wilt thou nae hae me,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
Wilt thou ride on a horse,
Or be drawn in a car,
Or walk by thy lover,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

I mind nae thy daddie,
Sae high and sae lordly—
I mind nae thy kindred,
Wha bear them sae proudly:
Say only thou'lt take me
For better for waur,
And come in thy coatie,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar!

O see yon green mountain,
Beneath yon bright star?
O see yon moon shining,
On turret and scaur?

Oh haste thee, and mount thee,
For we maun fly far;—
It is time to be going,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

O far have I ridden, love,
All for to see thee;
And much have I bidden, love,
All to be near thee;—
For he that loves truly
Maun dree and maun daur,
So come now or never,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar!

Burns wrote the first verse of this pleasant little song to a pretty west-country air called "Johnie Macgill," and sent it to the Museum. I have not heard who the heroine was, nor has the song succeeded in becoming a favourite; yet there is much ease and some gaiety and nature about it. The person who composed the air was a Girvan fiddler; his name was Johnie Macgill, and he gave it his own name. The idea and some of the words of the song are old.

I'LL MAKE YOU BE FAIN TO FOLLOW ME.

As late by a sodger I happen'd to pass,
I heard him courting a bonnie young lass:
My hinnie, my life, my dearest, quo' he,
I'll make you be fain to follow me.
Gin I were to follow a poor sodger lad,
Ilk ane o' our maidens would think I was mad;
For battles I never shall long to see,
Nor shall I be fain to follow thee.

O come wi' me, and I'll make you glad;
Wi' part o' my supper, and part o' my bed,
A kiss by land and a kiss by sea,
I think ye'll be fain to follow me.
O' care or sorrow no sodgers know,
In mirth we march and in joy we go;
Frae sweet St. Johnston to bonnie Dundee,
Wha wadna be fain to follow me?

What heart but leaps when it lists the fife?
Ilk tuck o' the drum's a lease o' life—
We reign on earth, we rule on sea,
A queen might be fain to follow me.

Her locks were brown, her eyes were blue,
Her looks were blithe, her words were few—
The lads o' Dumfries stood staring dumb,
When sweet Jenny Primrose followed the drum.

Part of this song is old and part new; what is old may be of the age of a hundred years, what is new is of recent composition. The copy in the Museum has the marks of emendation on it, and it still requires correction. There is, however, another version of this song which I have heard repeated, for few would venture to sing it: it seems very old, and is minute and particular in describing the nature of the influence by which the soldier obliged the lady to follow him; little of it will bear quotation. He upbraids her with her resolution to remain at home, and ironically assures her that the advantage of their mutual love is wholly on her side:

Ye hae mair o' mine than I o' thine.

This is a favourite subject with the lyric Muse. The influence of scarlet and gold with the ladies was felt by many, as well as by the author of "Nae dominies for me, laddie," and by poor Alick Polwarth, the follower of Waverly, who turned rebel because Jenny Jop preferred a fusileer.

I'VE BEEN WOOING AT A LASS.

I've been wooing at a lass,
Through winter into ware,
But her father winna gie me her,
She has sae muckle gear.
But gin she came where plovers cry,
Amang the heather here,
O I would win her kindness,
For a' her father's care!

O she's a sweet and sonsie lass,
An armfu' I swear!—
I'd marry her without a coat,
Or yet a plack o' gear.
Frae her twa een o' sinfu' blue,
She gae me sic a wound,
That a' the doctors i' the north
Can never make me sound.

But wha would break their heart for ane?
The earth's baith broad and wide:
For when I went the lass to woo,
Ye never saw sic pride;
Twa candles shone frae roof to floor,
A fire sparkled clear.—
O what cares he for candle-light,
That gangs to woo his dear!

She walks before me as I walk,
  She haunts me in my sleep!
I'll gang and woo;—a rosie quean
  Is gear that canna keep:
For siller's an unchanging gray,
  And red gold hauds its hue;—
Sae keeps nae ripe and rosie youth—
  I'll gang this night and woo.

Our old songs abound in pictures of female loveliness, and who can doubt that this armful of joy, of which the rustic poet sings, was, at the moment of composition, moving about "in earthly flesh and blood?" This song first appeared in David Herd's collection, but his version is very unequal, and seems the work of various hands. The present copy pretends to nothing old or traditional; the third and fourth verses have been added for the sake of continuing the story of the song, and if they present a picture of the wavering resolution of man, it must be remembered that it is a matter of love, and that woman possesses no monopoly of fickleness.

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.

When first my dear lad
To the lawlands came down,
He had a blue bonnet
That wanted the crown;
But now he has gotten
A hat and a feather,
Hey! my brave Johnie lad,
Cock up your beaver!

Cock up your beaver,
And cock it fu' sprush,
We'll over the border,
And gie them a brush;
There's somebody there
We'll teach better behaviour:—
Hey! my brave Johnie lad,
Cock up your beaver!

Come, cock up your beaver,
And spread out your pennon,
And summon the lads
Of the Nith and the Annan,
Wha's stouter than Maxwell,
Than Halliday steever?

Hey! my brave Johnie lad,
Cock up your beaver!

There is not a surname
That's famous in story—
There is not a bosom
That beats for new glory,
But with foot in the stirrup,
And weapons in order,
Wait for the summons
To rush o'er the border.

A part of this ancient call to battle is preserved by David Herd, but it is very unequal and imperfect. I cannot exactly conclude whether it means to be serious or comic—and perhaps it wished to be both. A more complete copy was published in Johnson's Museum, and the change which it had undergone was much to its advantage. Part of the song is of some antiquity, and probably was intended as a satire on the highland chiefs when they came in their wild attire into the lowlands. Succeeding bards gave it a new turn; and the invasion of England, a favourite project with all Scotsmen, was made the burthen and aim of the song. I think I once heard a version of it sung, in which a strong jacobitical feeling was manifest—but there is no end to the revolutions of song.

If the original song was a satire by the lowlanders on the highlanders, the cause of the latter was amply avenged by some witty poet at the court of King James

the First, who parodied the song, and turned the torrent of his satire against the Scottish nation. It is exceedingly keen, and somewhat coarse.

Well met, Jockie, whither away?
Shall we two have a word or tway?
Thou wast so lousie the other day,
How the devil comes you so gay?
Ha, ha, ha, by sweet St. Ann,
Jockie is growne a gentleman.

Thy shoes, that thou wor'st when thou went'st to plow,
Were made of the hyde of a Scotish cow,
They're turn'd to Spanish leather now,
Bedeckt with roses I know not how.

Thy stockings, that were of northern blue,
That cost not twelvepence when they were new,
Are turn'd into a silken hue,
Most gloriously to all men's view.

Thy belt, that was made of a white leather thong,
Which thou and thy father wore so long,
Are turn'd to hangers of velvet strong,
With gold and pearle embroider'd among.

Thy garters, that were of Spanish say,
Which from the taylor's thou stol'st away,
Are now quite turn'd to silk, they say,
With great broad laces fayre and gay.

Thy doublet and breech, that were so playne,
On which a louse could scarce remayne,
Are turn'd to a satin God-a-mercy trayne,
That thou by begging couldst this obtayne!

Thy cloake, which was made of a home-spun thread,
Which thou wast wont to fling on thy bed,
Is turn'd into a skarlet red,
With golden laces about thee spread.

Thy bonnet of blew, which thou worest hither,
To keep thy skonce from wind and weather,
Is throwne away the devil knows whither,
And turn'd to a beaver hat and feather.

This is a lively picture of ancient prejudices, as well as of the costume of our ancestors.

LADDIE, I MAUN LOE THEE.

O laddie, I maun loe thee!
O lassie, loe na me;
For the lassie wi' the yellow coat
Has stown the heart frae me.
Wha could resist her merry tongue,
Could ne'er withstand her ee—
O, the lassie wi' the yellow coat
Has stown the heart frae me.

O laddie, I maun loe thee!
O lassie, loe na me;
I loe a lass in yon town-end,
That I maun win, or die.
She's fairer than the morning light,
And as the sunshine free;
O, the lassie with the yellow coat
Has stown the heart frae me.

O laddie, I maun loe thee!
O lassie, loe na me:
There lives a lass in yon town-end,
That I loe mair than thee.
There is nae mirth but when she laughs,
Nor light save in her ee;
O, the lassie wi' the yellow coat
Has stown the heart frae me.

Some of this song is of considerable antiquity. The first four lines are very old, and have been quoted by several writers as ancient. I thought them too short for a song, and too curious to cast away; and as tradition, which has helped me often, failed me here, I was obliged to imagine a continuation as much in character as I could. To distinguish his love by the colour of her lower garment is not confined to the hero of this song: and it might be noticed as a proof of the great age of the fragment, or of the influence which fine colours will always exercise over light hearts. How many ladies love the scarlet and the gold, and how many men worship the

rustling of silks and satins! Perhaps something of this kind mingled with the thoughts of the girl in the vision which Burns saw for her on Hallowe'en.

The last Hallowe'en I was waking
My drouket sark sleeve, as ye ken,
His likeness came up the house stalkin,
The very grey breeks o' Tam Glen.

THE ROBIN CAME TO THE WREN'S NEST.

The robin came to the wren's nest,
And keekit in, and keekit in.
Now weels me on thine auld pow,
Wad ye be in, wad ye be in?
Ye shall never bide without,
And me within, and me within,
Sae lang's I hae an auld clout
To rowe ye in, to rowe ye in.

The robin came to the wren's nest,
And gae a peep, and gae a peep—
Now weels me on thee, cuttie quean,
Are ye asleep, are ye asleep?
The sparrow-hawk is in the air,
The corbie-craw is on the sweep;
An' ye be wise, ye'll bide at hame,
And never cheep, and never cheep.

The robin came to the wren's nest,
And keekit in, and keekit in—
I saw ye thick wi' wee Tam-tit,
Ye cuttie quean, ye cuttie quean.
The ruddie feathers frae my breast
Thy nest hae lined, thy nest hae lined;
Now wha will keep ye frae the blast,
And winter wind, and winter wind?

This is one of our early songs, and is at once so simple and absurd, so foolish and yet so natural, that I know not whether to reject or retain it. It seems to be something akin to a song called "The Wren she lies in Care's bed," published in the Museum, in which Robin Redbreast plays the comforter to the Wren, but, while he cheers her with "sugar saps and wine," discovers, to his infinite sorrow, that Cuttie has been wandering.

And where's the ring that I gied ye,
That I gied ye, that I gied ye?
And where's the ring that I gied ye,
Ye little cuttie quean-o?
I gied it till a soger,
A soger, a soger;
I gied it till a soger,
A kind sweetheart of mine-o.

The song is strangely inconsistent, and perhaps seeks to cloak some particular story under its absurdity. The name of the song is "The Wren, or Lennox's love to Blantyre." I wish some northern antiquary would expound this.

IT'S GUDE TO BE MERRY AND WISE.

It's gude to be merry and wise,
It's gude to be honest and true;
And afore ye're off wi' the auld love,
It's best to be on wi' the new.

I daut wi' young Jess o' the glen,
I woo wi' fair Bess o' the brae;
I court wi' gay Meg o' the Mill,
And I wotna wha I will hae.

A man mayna marry but ane,
Though he may gang courting wi twae;
I've had fifteen loves in my time,
And fifteen more I may hae.

The black are maist loving and kind,
The brown they are sonsie and civil;
The red they may do in the dark,
And the white they may go the devil.

The maids of our city are vain,
Proud, peevish, and pale i' the hue;
But the lass frae the grass and the gowans
Is sweet as a rose in the dew.

O, where the streams sing in the woods,
And the hill overlooketh the valley,
O there live the maidens for me,
As fair and as fresh as the lily.

I've come to a gallant resolve,
I've said it, and sung it, and sworn.
I shall woo by the register book,
And begin wi' Peg Purdie the morn.

Some of this song may be found in an old and rather silly Jacobite song. One of the stanzas may be preserved.

It's gude to be merry and wise,
It's gude to be honest and true;
It's best to be off wi' the auld king
Before ye are on wi' the new.

I cannot say but many of our nobles of the south, as well as the north, were in a condition to be assisted by such wholesome counsel in the reign of George the Second.

It's gude to be merry and wise,
It's gude to be honest and true;
It's best to be off wi' the auld love
Before ye are on wi' the new.

This very wise counsel to lovers has not been long in rhyme, though it has been long in the shape of a proverb. It is the motto to Maturin's wild tragedy of Bertram, and a very suitable one.

END OF VOL. II.

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